2 vols in 1

This is from the Bridge
family of Augusta, Maine
(Horatio Bridge, friend of
Hawthorne's)

073

NZ443 [98-017]

THE MELODIST

A COLLECTION OF MUSIC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



1823.

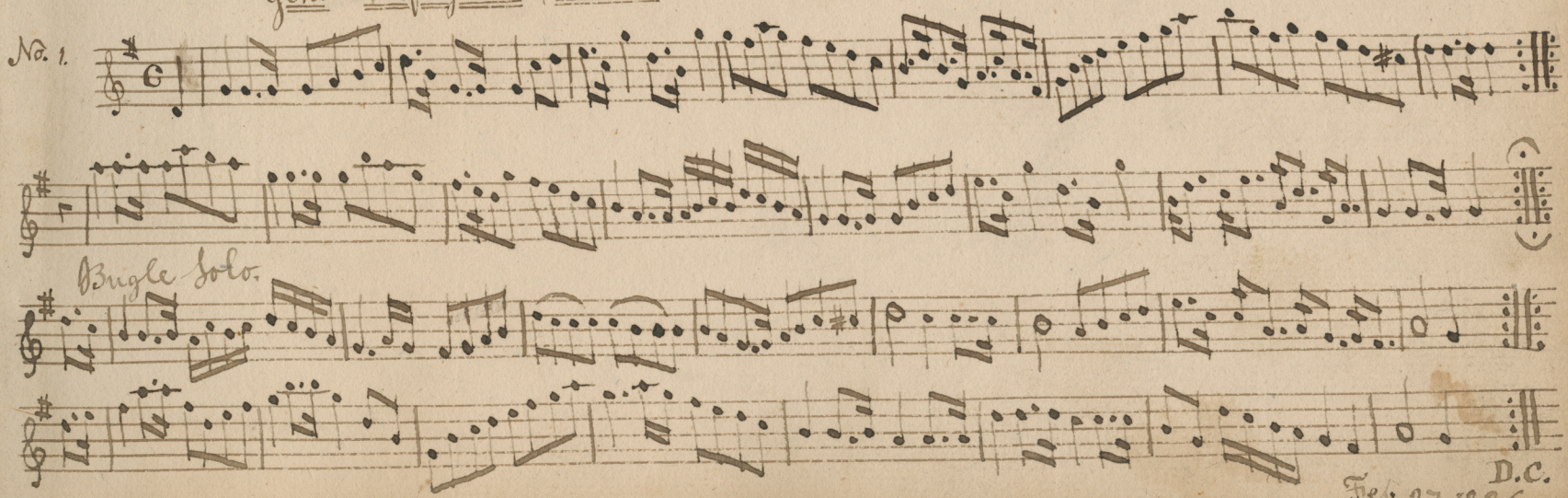
MK
1197

THE

MELODIST.

Gen. Lafayette's March.

No. 1.



Feb. 27, 1826.

No. 2.

Salem Cadets' March.



Campbell's Fancy.

No. 3.



Italian Serenade.

No. 4.



Pledge to Julia.

No. 5.



Opera Reel.

No. 6.



March.

Truxton's Victory.

No. 7.



Braes of Beasley.

No. 8.



Scotch Poesy.

No. 9.



March 1.

March.

No. 10.



6th March.

Red Lion Hornpipe.

No. 11.



March 8.

Democratic Rage.

No. 12.



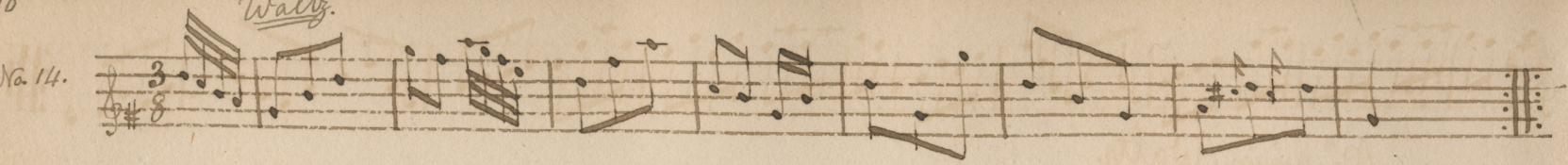
Skanna Roaring Rant.

No. 13.



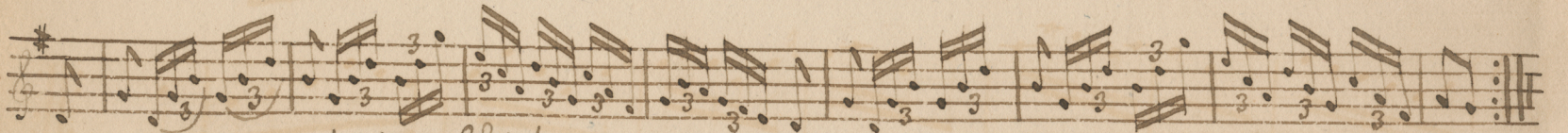
Waltz.

No. 14.



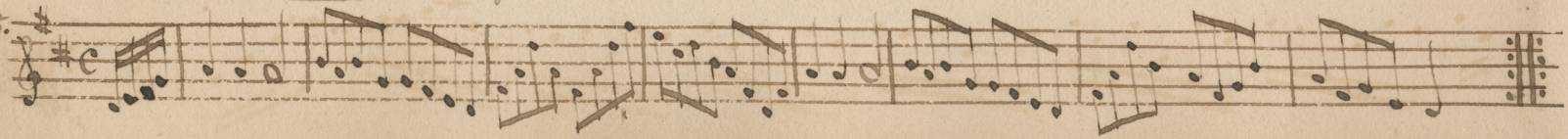






Indian Chief.

No. 15.



Prussian Waltz.

No. 16.

March.



Beaux of Albany.

No. 17.



Democratic Hornpipe.

No. 18.



President's Hornpipe.

No. 19.





Nelson's Victory.

No. 20.



Highland Reel.

No. 21.



Macpherson Rant.

No. 22.



Dance in "Tom and Jerry."

No. 23.



Lady Walpole's Whim.

No. 24.





Humphry's Hornpipe.

No. 25.



May Day.

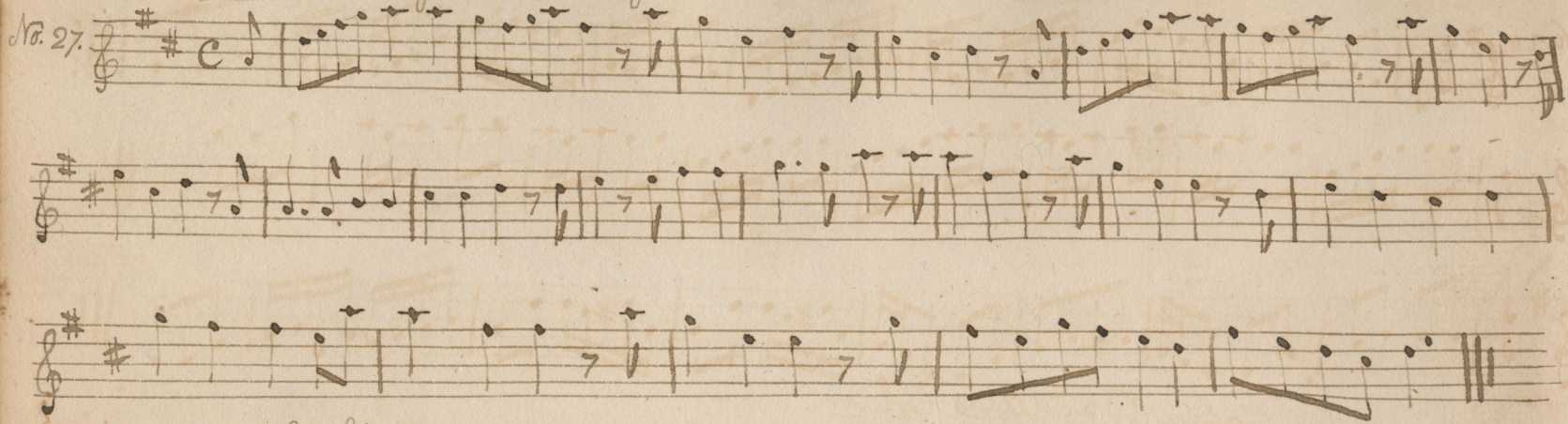
No. 26.

March II.



Colin stole my heart away.

No. 27.



The Stranger.

No. 28.



Oyster River.

No. 29.



Lady Bartlett's Whim.

No. 30.



Harlequin Rambles.

No. 31.



Butcher's Row.

No. 32.



Savin Hill.

No. 33.



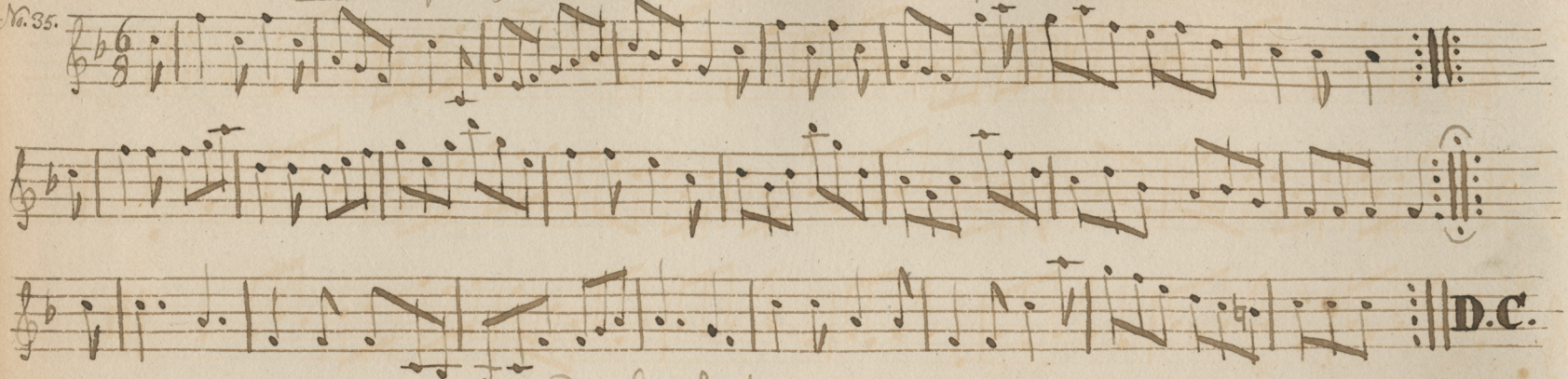
Fancy Dance.

No. 34.



Cotillion for Garlands.

No. 35.



Washburn's Quick-Step.

No. 36.



Wind-mill Cotillion.

No. 37.



Crage's Pipes.

No. 38.



No. 39. Le Moulin a Vent.



Aldrich's Hornpipe.

No. 40.



No. 41. Wild-goose Chase.



No. 42. Miss Southerland's Reel.



No. 43. Fife Hunt.

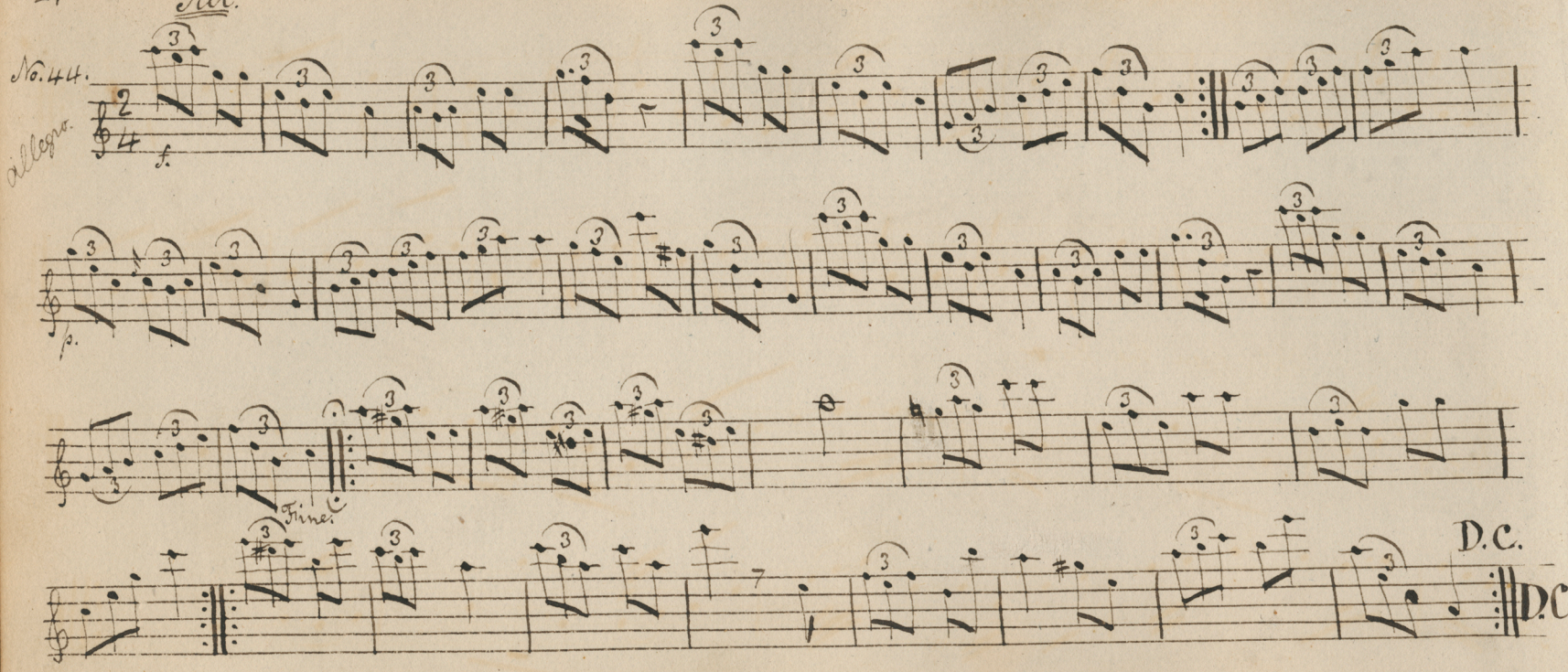


24

Air.

No. 44.

Allegro.



No. 45. Morgiana in Spain.



No. 46. Oh! open the Door.



Lady Ilchester's Keel.

No. 47



Duke of Montrose's Keel.

No. 48.



No. 49. Sawney Bean.

flow.



Miss Mc Cannon's Reel.

No. 50.



Sleep on.

No. 51



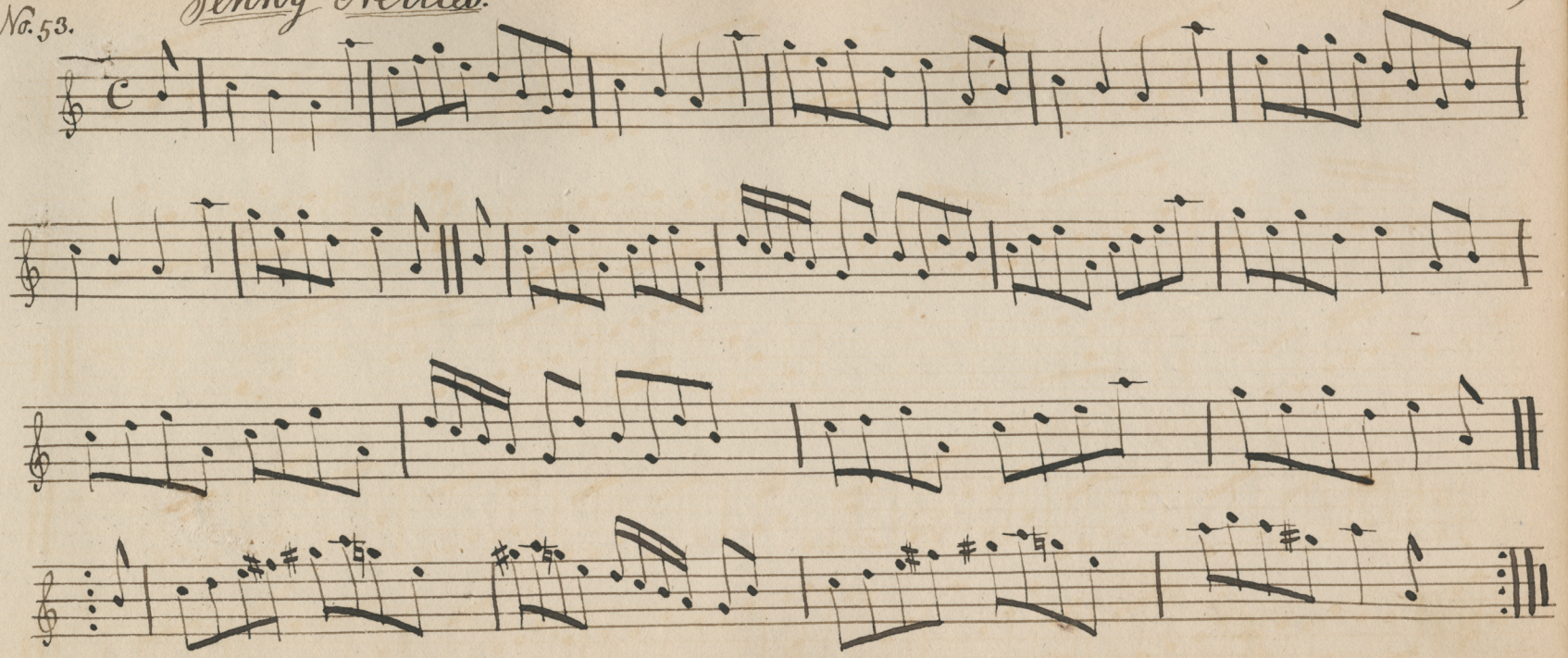
Paddy O'Carrol.

No. 52.



No. 53.

Jenny Nettles.



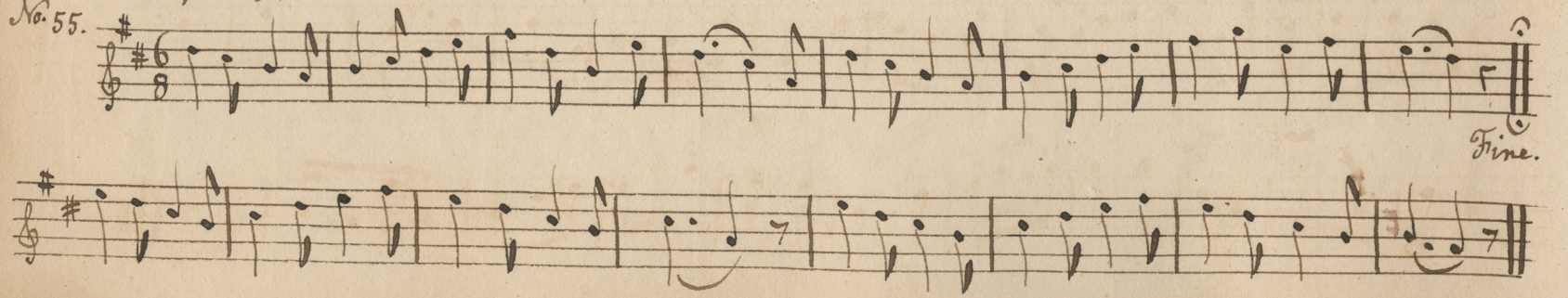
O'er the Moor.

No. 54.



Spring. From the "Wood Dæmon."

No. 55.



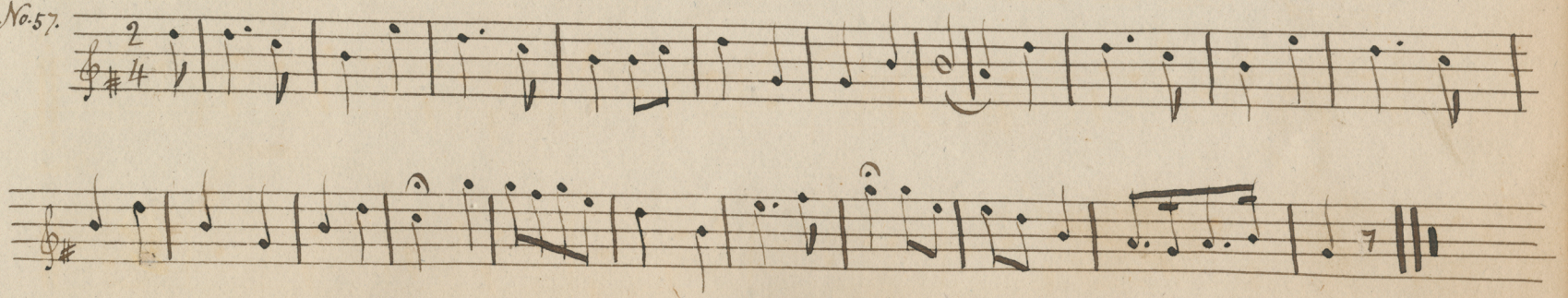
Mr. Rogers's Fancy.

No. 56.



Caroline of Dartmouth

No. 57.



Harper's Fancy.

No. 58



Lads of Baltimore.

No. 59.



Steibelt's Fancy.

No. 60.



Birks of Aberfelde.

No. 61.



Lady Montgomery's Reel.

No. 62.



Rondo. Taken from Steibelt's Concerto, the Storm.

No. 63.



Loch Enoch Side.

No. 64.



The Vittoria Waltz.

No. 65.



Le Petit Tambour.

Meissonier.

No. 66.

Allegretto.



D.C.

Le Serment Francais.

Farinelli.

No. 67.



No. 68. The National Waltz.



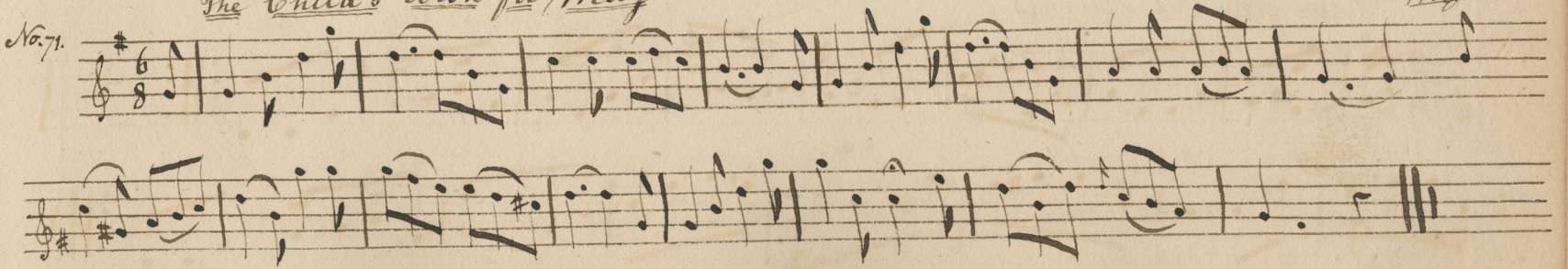
No. 69. Green grow the Rushes O.



No. 70. Flowers of the Forest.



No. 71. The Child's Wish for May. Mozart.



No. 72. Beware of Love. Corri.



No. 73. L'Eté.



Le Don Juan.

No. 74.

Presto.



The Violet Girl.

No. 75.

Cobham.



Laura and Lenza.

No. 76.

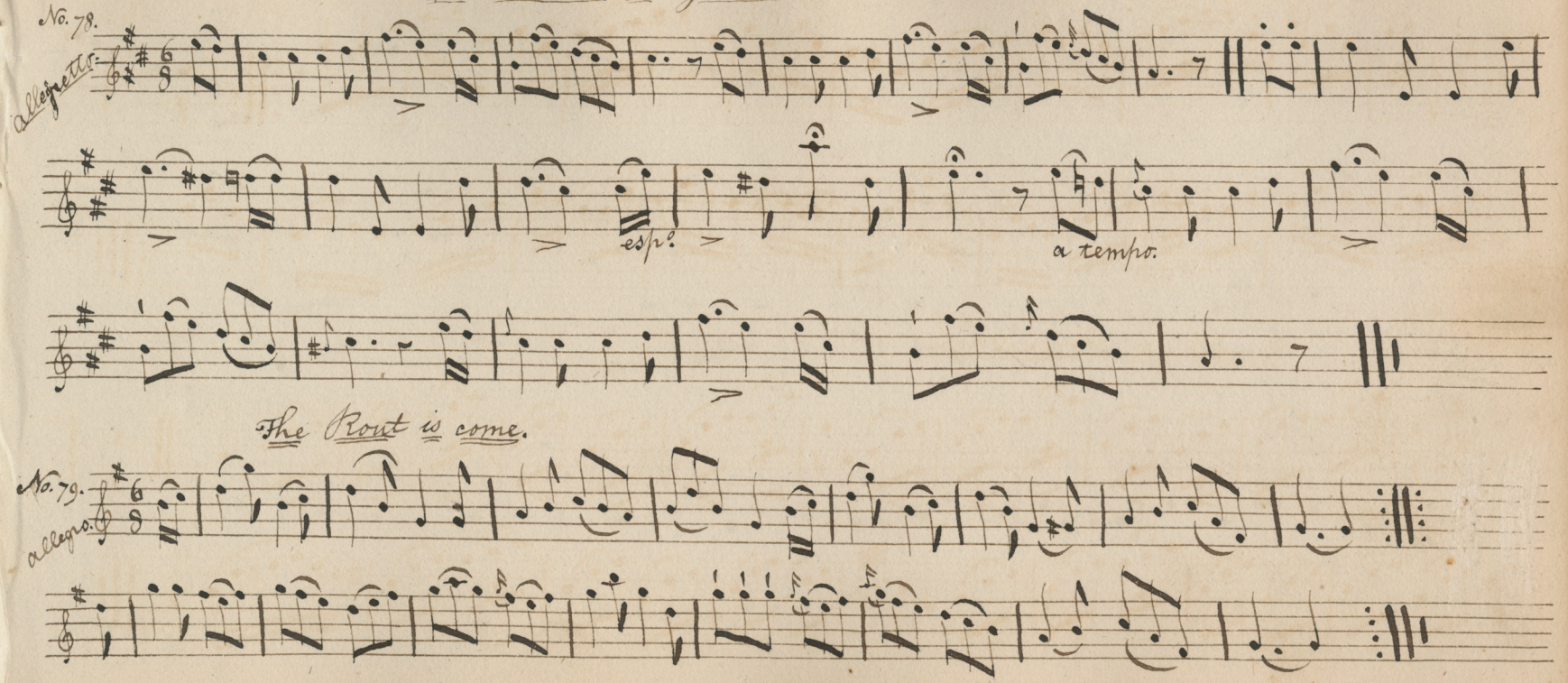
Allegretto

Bosi.

Temple of Friendship.

No. 77.

p.


No. 78.
Allegretto.
espº.
a tempo.
The Rout is come.
No. 79.
allegro.

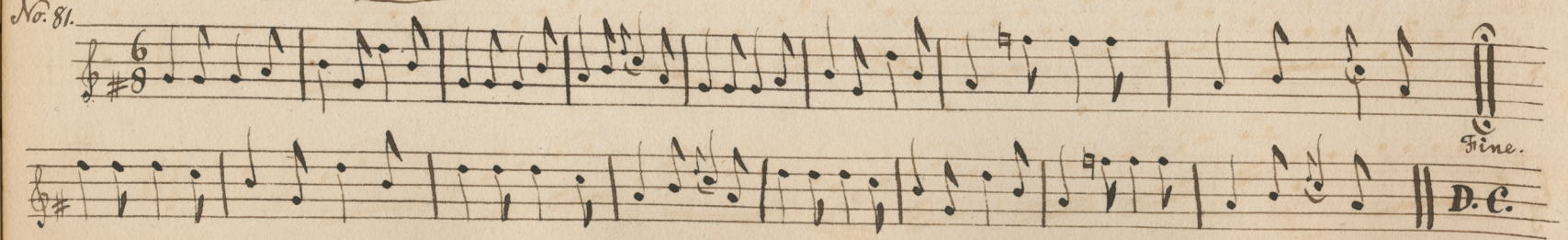
Bateuse.

No. 80.



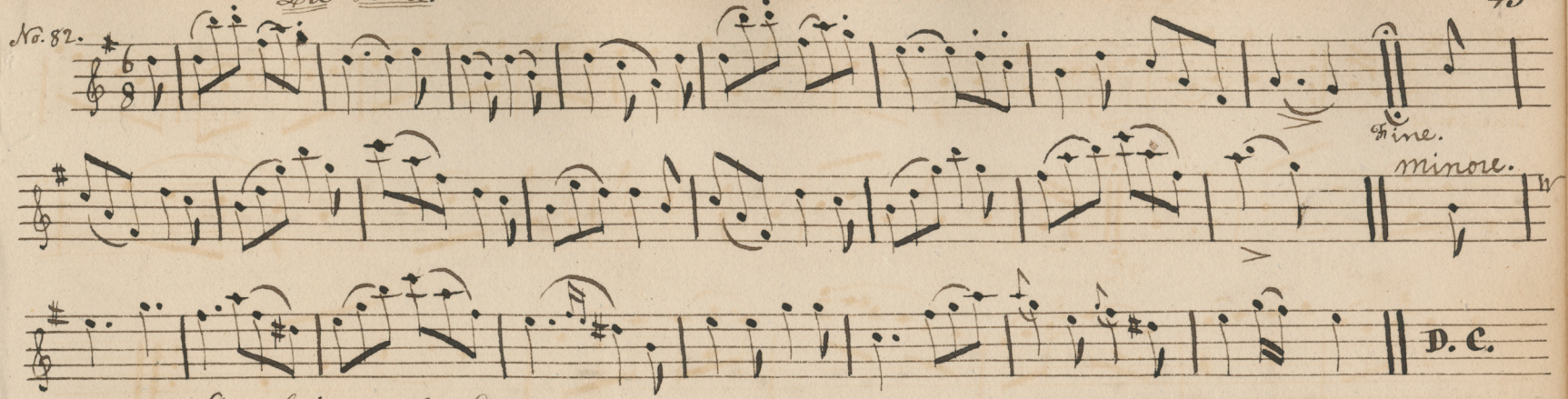
Nova Creina.

No. 81.



La Poule.

No. 82.



Au clair de la Lune.

No. 83.

allegretto.



Queen of Prussia's Waltz.

No. 84.





Ils ne sont plus, on the Waters of Elle.

No. 85.



The Regent.

No. 86.



L'Esperance.

No. 87.

Maestoso.



Le Garcon volage.

No. 88.

Non troppo presto.



D.C.

dim.

O Pescator dell' Onda.

No. 89.

Andantino.

Les Adieux.

No. 90.

Andante.

The Carnival of Venice.

No. 91.



Le vaillant Troubadour.

No. 92.

Maestoso.



L'Amour et le Temps.

No. 93.

Andantino.



Fodlin Flame.

No. 94.

Affettuoso.



Depuis Longtems.

Boildieu.

No. 95.

Andante semplice.



Kenmure's on and awa.

No. 96.



The Campbells are coming.

No. 97.

Vivace.



March from Achille.

No. 98.

Alla marcia.



The Stop Waltz.

No. 99.



The Hanault Waltz.

No. 100.



The celebrated Saxon Air.

No. 101.



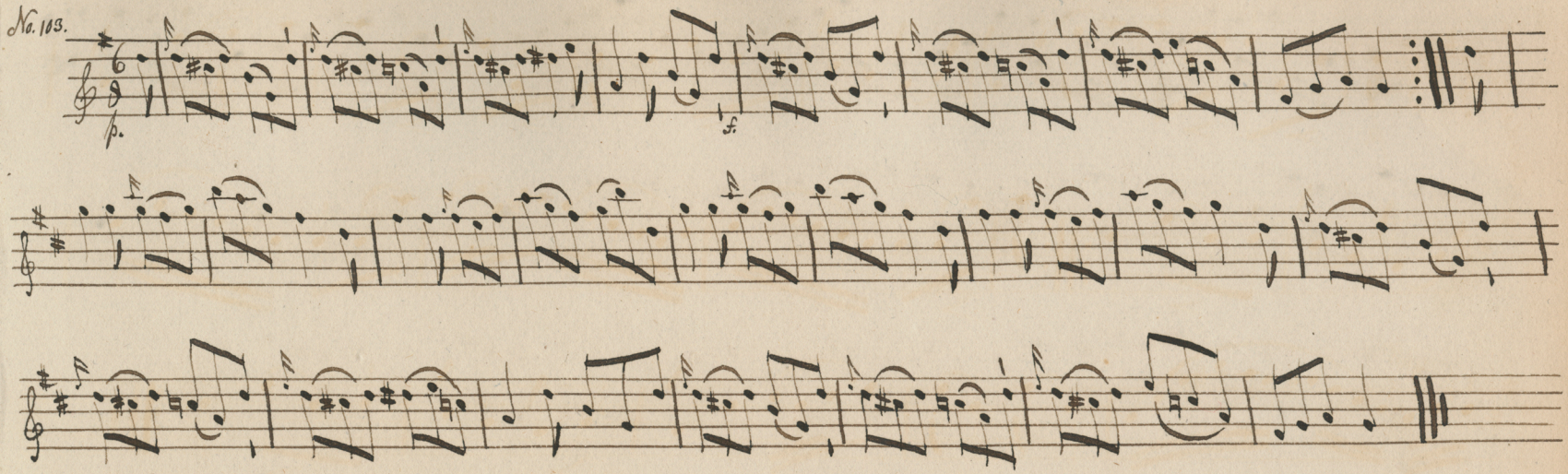
La Boulanger.

No. 102.



Sicilian Air.

No. 103.



Kelvin Grove.

No. 104.

Andante.



No. 105.

Miss Gayton's Hornpipe.

Presto.



No. 106.

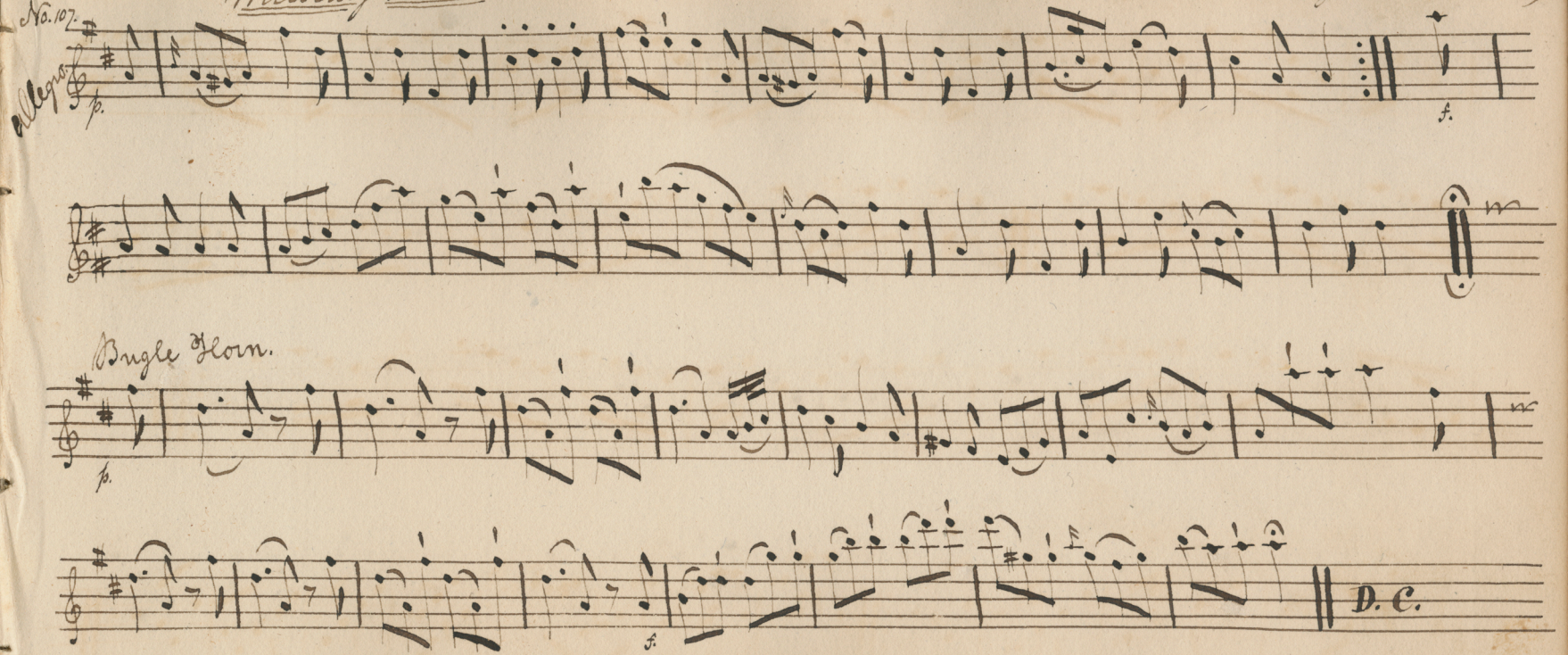
Cease your funning.



Military Rondo.

S. T. Lyon.

No. 107.



The Minden Waltz.

No. 108.



Caller Herring.

No. 109.



bres.

dim.

La Daphne.

No. 110.

Soprano

mp

Fine.

mp.

bres.

D.C.

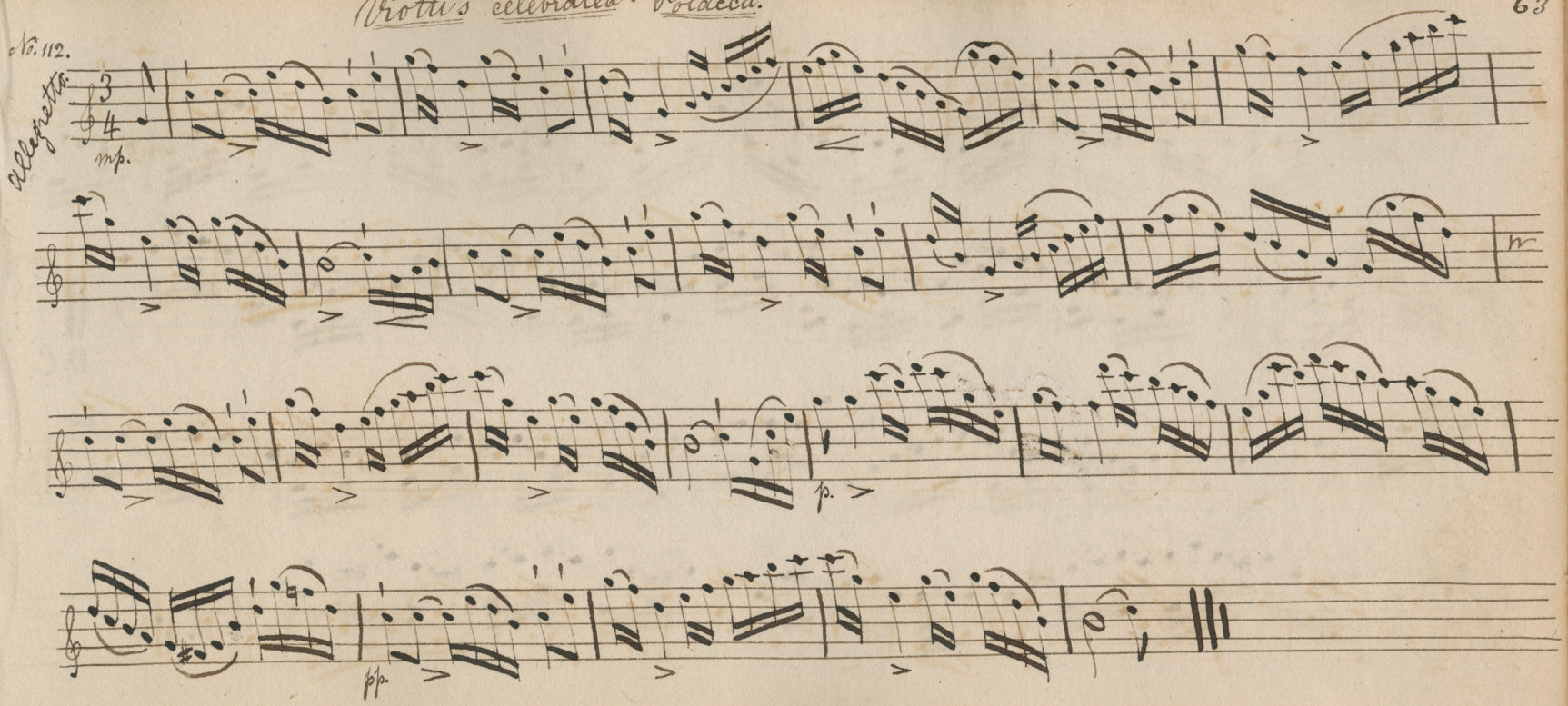
The Grand Duke Nicholas's Waltz.

No. 111.



Viotti's celebrated Polacca.

No. 112.



Brillante Movement.

No. 113.



The Anti-Tyrolean Waltz.

No. 114.

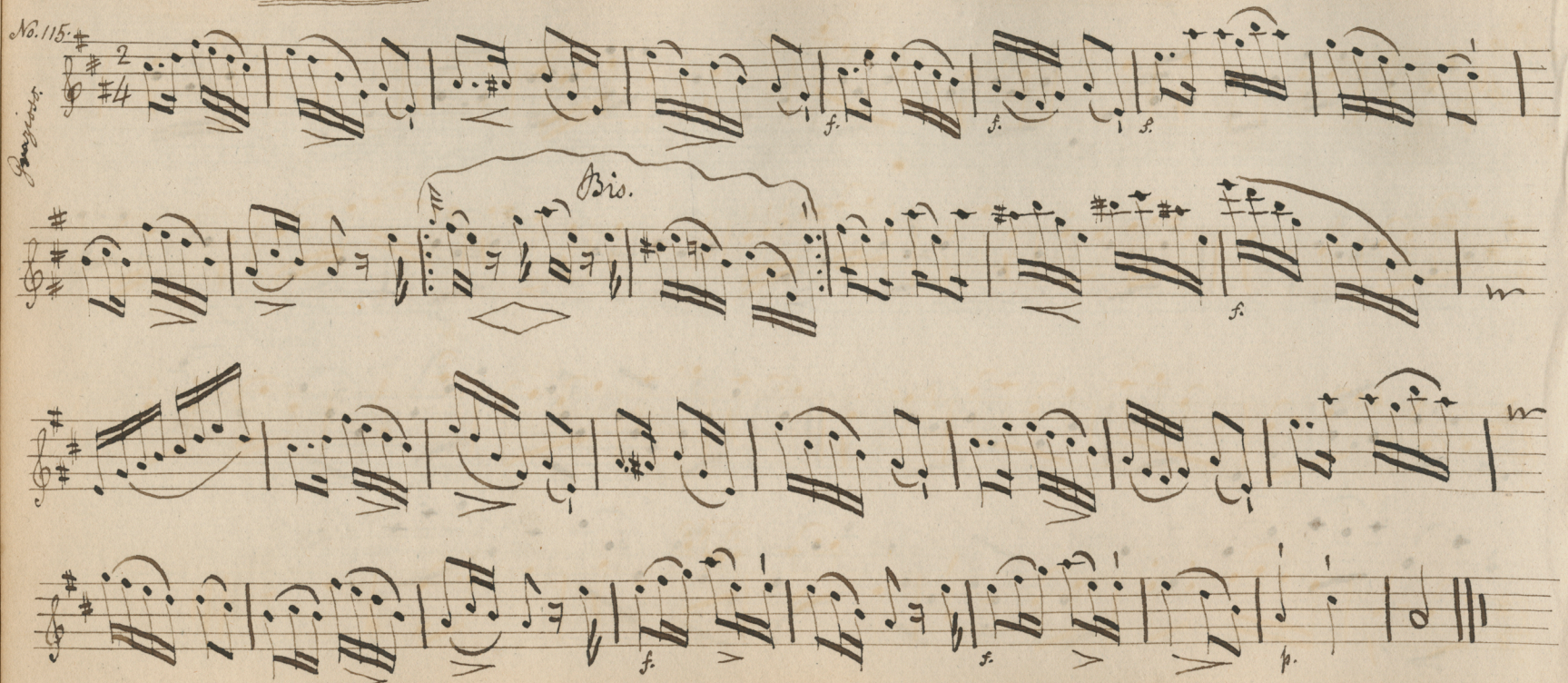


Introduction.

Steibelt.

No. 115.

Bis.



The Woodlark.

R. Light.

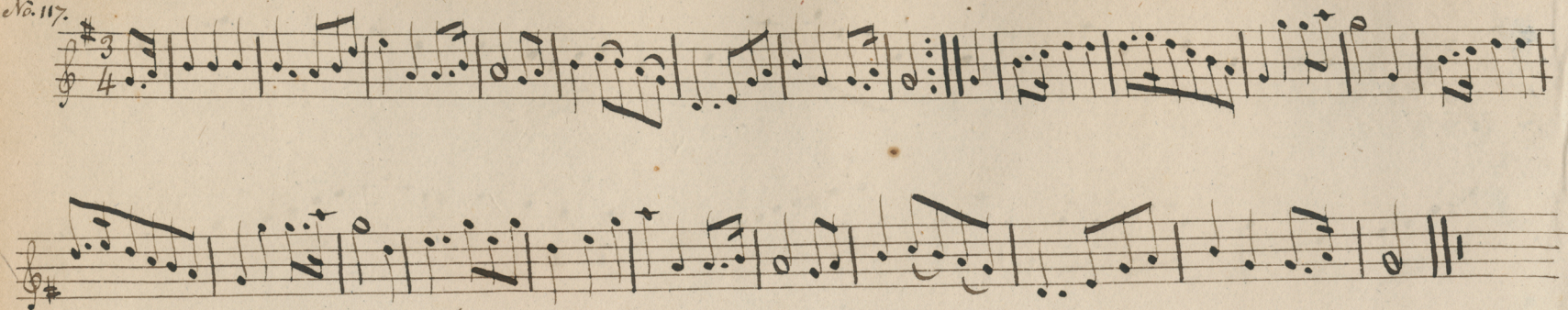
No. 116.

Allegretto



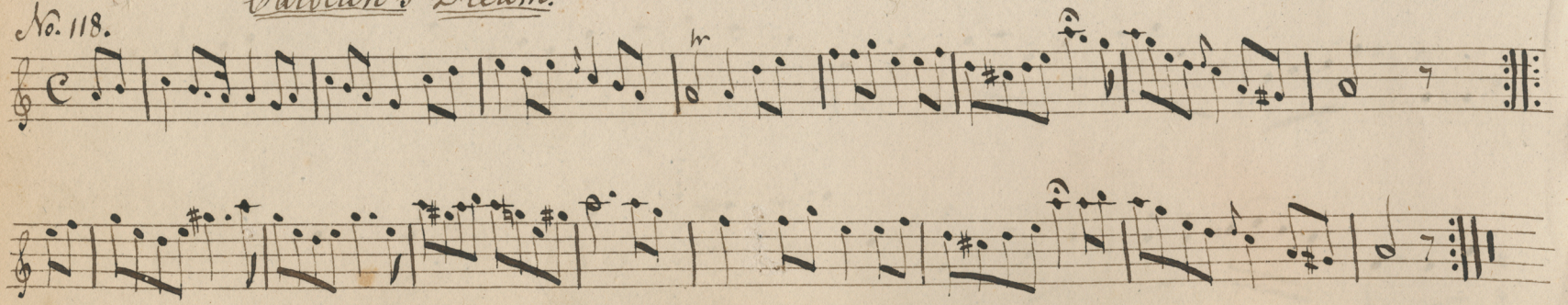
Lochaber no more.

No. 117.



Carolan's Dream.

No. 118.



THE LYRIC LYRE.

A COLLECTION OF MUSIC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Volume Second.

CONTAINING



SELECT SONGS.

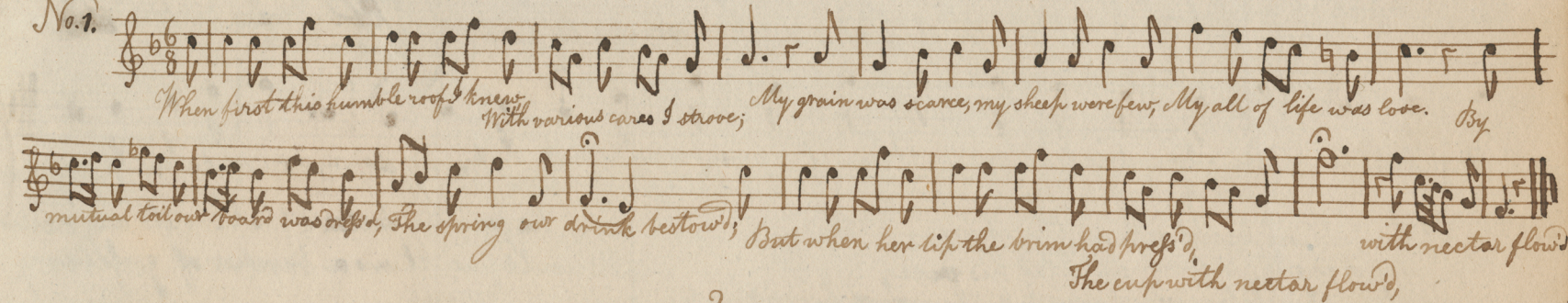
1823.

THE

MELODIST.

The all of life is love.

No. 1.



Content & peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other guest came nigh;
In them was given, tho' gold was spar'd
What gold could never buy.

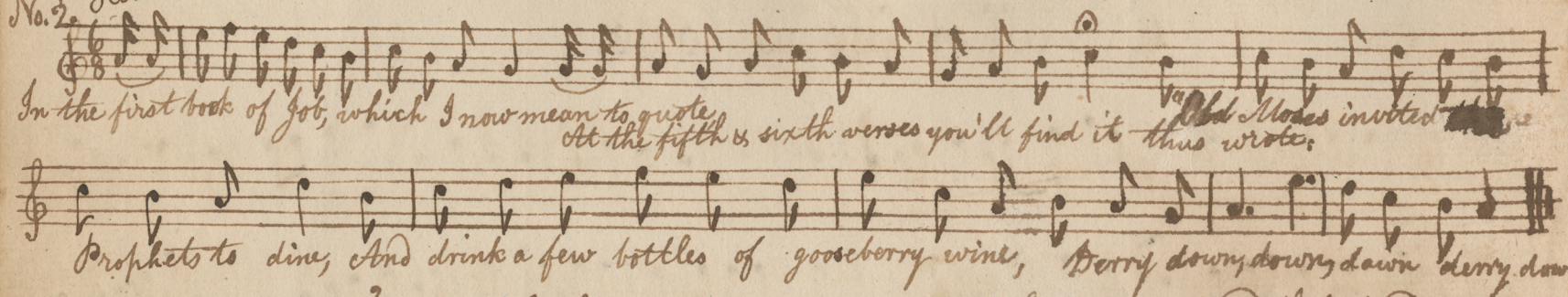
2.

No value has a splendid lot,
But as the means to prove,
That from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

The Prophets.

A MEDLEY.

No. 2. Slow.



2.

Then Moses was plac'd in the chair in a trice,
And Aaron, his crony deputed his vice,
When the glass moving quick, & the wine being strong,
Moses swore they shouldn't stir till they'd each sung a song.

3.

Some looked askew, sir, at first Moses saw,
But whate'er Moses said, why you know, sir, 'twas law;
Nay, he frankly declar'd, that should any decline
He would fine them a bumper of gooseberry wine.

4.

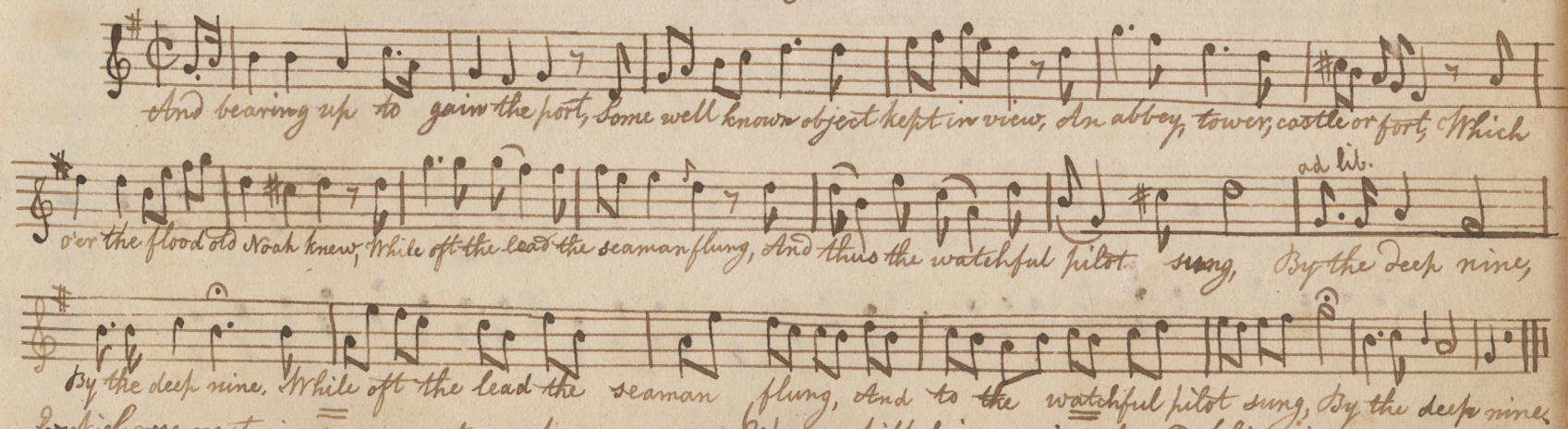
Little David, it seems, sir, at first was the choice;
For they very well knew he'd an excellent voice;

He vow'd he couldn't sing, they swore 'twas a thumper,
And poor little David was fin'd in a bumper.

5.

Rear-admiral Noah, whom much has been said of,
And his jaunt on the water, which we have all read of,
Not liking their gooseberry, call'd for a dram,
And gave them the song which he sung to young Ham.

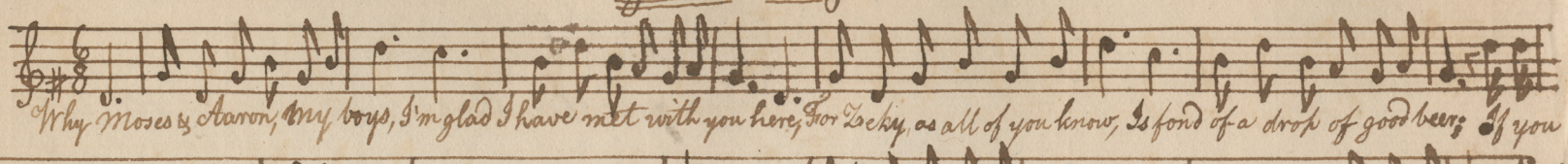
Noah's Song.



Ezekiel rose next, sir, a very great smoker,
But in lighting his pipe, burnt his nose with the poker;
6.
Being skilful in music, & proud of his voice,
With exquisite fancy, this song was his choice.

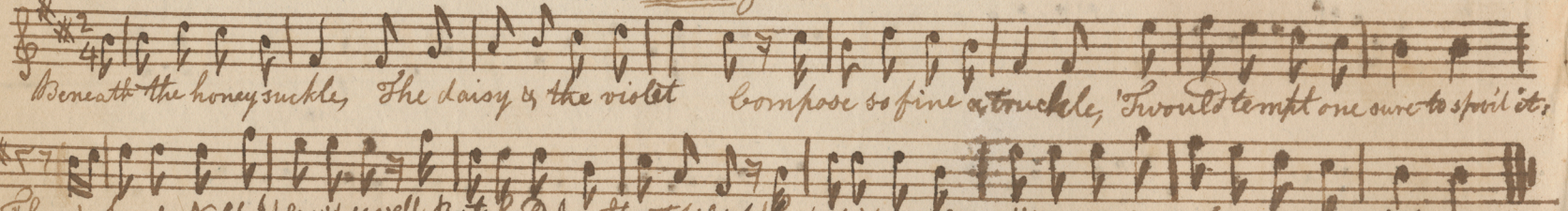
V. S.

Ezekiel's Song.



Father Lot then arose, as the next in the ring,
As happy a mortal as ever did sing;
7 With a rosy round face, & a voice smooth & clear,
He sung them a song, sir, concerning the fair.

Lot's Song.



Then Solomon rose, in his wisdom & glory,
And said he had much rather tell them a story;
8 But the cry against that was rather too strong,
For they swore they'd have nothing but Solomon's song.

Solomon's Song.

I've kiss'd & I've prattled with fifty fair maids, And chang'd them as oft, as you see; But of

all the fair damsels that sport on the green, Bear Sheba's the queen for me.

Next Habakkuk rose, for they took 'em in course,
But Habakkuk's cold had made Habakkuk hoarse;
He declar'd he couldn't sing any more than the moon,
But if Moses pleas'd he would whistle a tune.

9.

Jeremiah rose next, sir, at Moses' desire,
10.
Whom wine sir, (not women) could ever inspire;
In strains that would best suit his own cogitation,
He sung them a verse of his own Lamentation.

Jeremiah's Song.

Slow.

I sigh, and lament me in vain, These walls can but echo my moan; Alas! it increases my

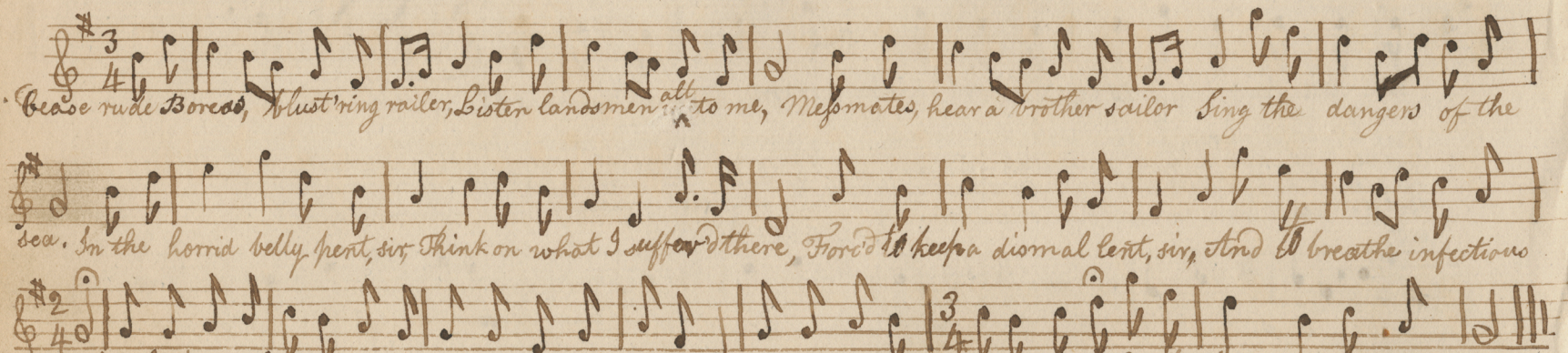
pain, When I think on the days that are gone: Thro' the grates of my prison I see The boys, as at

marbles they play; I sigh, and exclaim out, — ah me! I once could play better than they.

Uprose little Jonah, who look'd like a jelly,
'Twas the next night but one since he left the [belly; whale's

11.
For three days & nights he was left in despair,
But he'd sing to Moses what he'd suffer'd there.

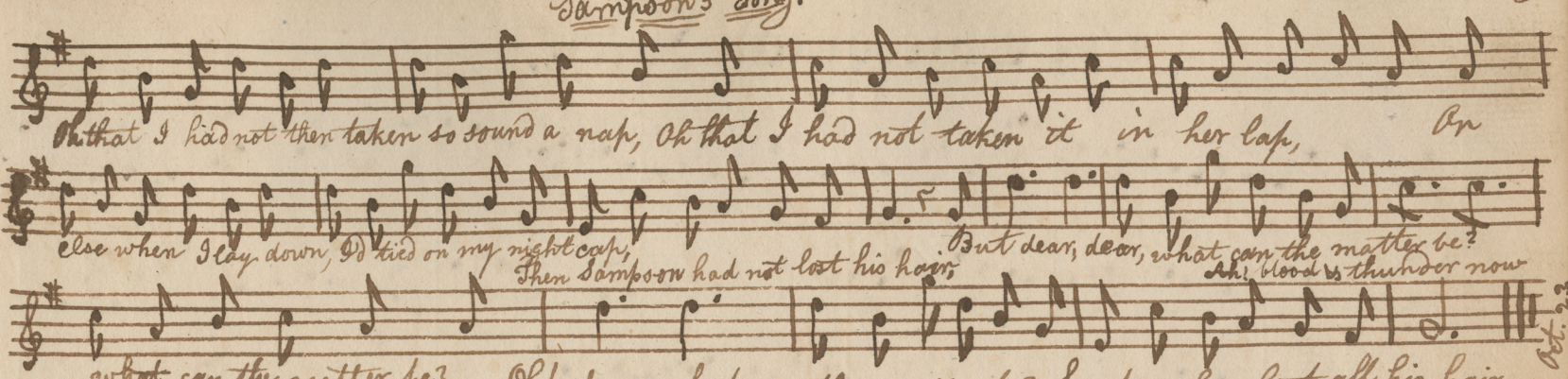
Jonah's Song.



Then Samson rose next, once in prowess so big,
But at that time friend Samson had just got his wig;

12
He related the tale of his dire mishap,
How his wife shav'd his head, as he slept in her lap.

Sampson's Song.



13.

They next call'd on Job, as a song was his sort,
But they begg'd, as 'twas late, that his song might be short:
So he sung them a Chevy Chase to a dismal psalm tune,
Which the prophets all thought would have lasted till noon.

14.

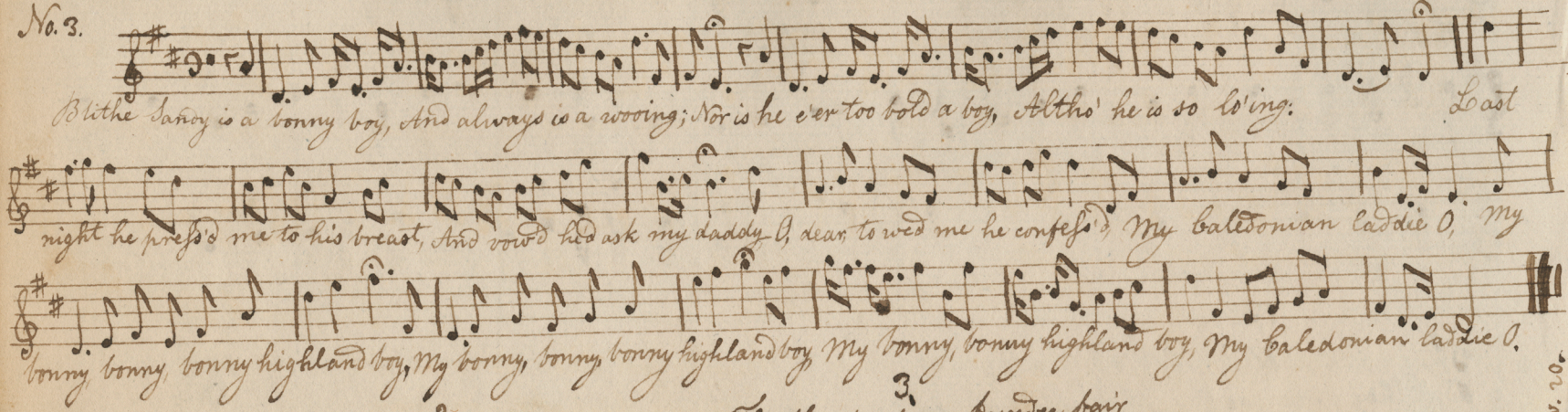
Now Moses, it seems, sir, who good hours kept,
Whilst they sat a singing, why he sat & slept;
But wak'd by the noise, sir, of crying encore,
He bid them get home, for they should drink no more.

15.

Well bred Aaron, it seems, sir, at this took offence,
And swore want of good manners show'd want of good sense.
This caus'd a dispute, some reflections were cast,
But for decency's sake, we'll not mention what past.

The Caledonian Laddie.

No. 3.



2.

The lasses try, both far & near,
To win young Sandy over:
But all their arts I dinna fear,
He ne'er will prove a rover:
For late he told me frank & free,
Unknown to mamma or daddy O,
He'd marry me, ah! none but me,
My Caledonian Laddie O, My bonny &c.

3.

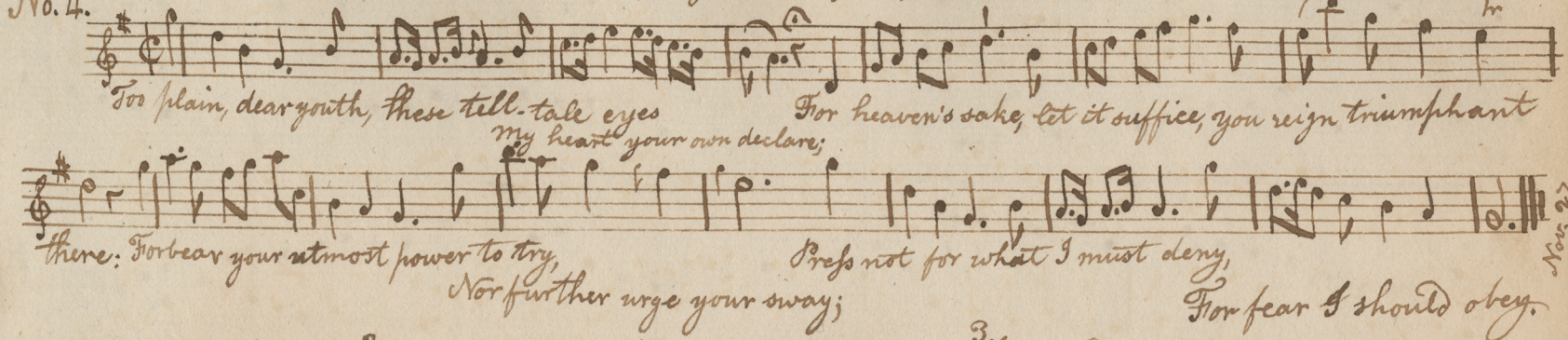
The other day from Dundee fair
He brought me home a bonnet;
A cap, & ribbons for my hair,
But mark what soon came on it:
For as at kirk we lately rode,
In spite of mam or daddy O,
He marry'd me, do all I could
My Caledonian Laddie O, My bonny, &c.

Nov. 20.

Too plain, dear youth.

By Soame Jennyns, Esq.

No. 4.



2.

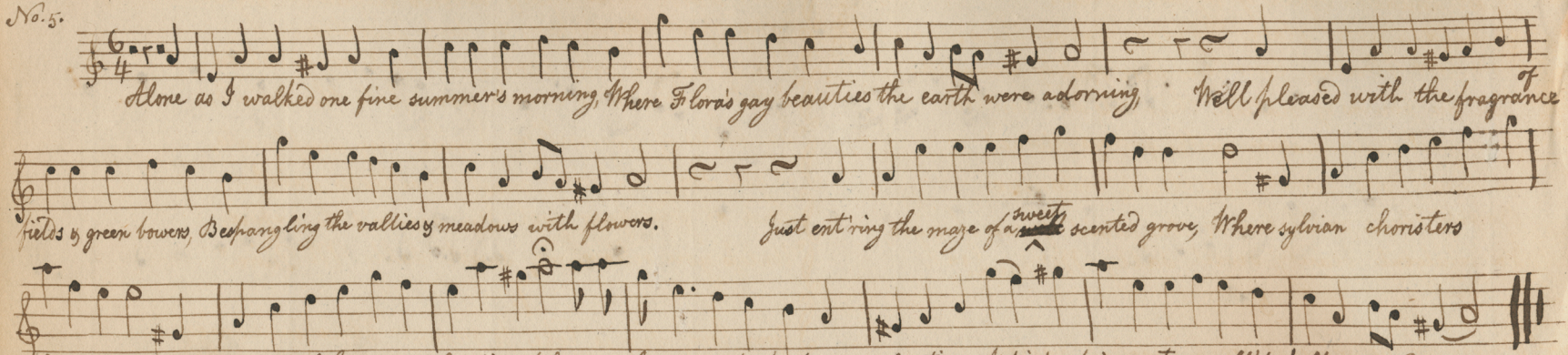
Should all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo;
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that her love for you?
Say would you use that very power
You from her tenderness claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour,
A life of spotless fame?

3.

Resolve not then to do an ill,
Because, perhaps, you may;
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me, than betray:
Be thou thyself my virtue's guard,
Defend, and not pursue;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To fight with love & you.

SALLY M'QUIRE.

No. 5.



2.

Her ten thousand charms were all join'd with such splendour,
Soon told me I had a full heart to surrender;
But fearing she might be some immortal beauty,
Like Acteon I'd suffer a breach of my duty;
But for to be fully convinc'd of the same,
I gently approached this beautiful dame,
And in great confusion I asked her name:
"Are you Flora, Aurora, or the fam'd queen of Tyre?"
She answer'd "I'm neither, I'm Sally M'Quire.

3.

Amazed with wonder, I view'd her all over,
Until I did from my amazement recover;
Respect then prevented me not to discover
How I had become her most passionate lover.
But quickly reflecting if I did forbear,
And not to my dearest my torments declare,
I should be abandoned to grief & despair;
So my fond heart caused me for to draw nigh her,
And thus to address my sweet Sally M'Quire.

4.

"Hail, matchless fair Madam! divine consolation!
Most amiable object of my adoration!
Behold a poor slave, by your charms thus surrounded,
Your poor bleeding lover lies here deeply wounded.
Sure the powers of nature their arts did combine
To model each feature with graces divine!
In beauty, my dearest, you clearly outshine
Bright Venus, or Helen, or the fam'd queen of Tyre,
In refulgent beauty, sweet Sally M'Quire!"

5.

"O! pray sir, no more of such insolent raving,
For I can assure you I'm far from believing
Those eloquent speeches, by which you endeavour
To paint out what nature has done in my favour.
For once be advised & my counsel take,
Employ no more flatt'ry your conquest to make,
For those famed beauties of which you do speak,
Of Helen, bright Venus & fam'd queen of Tyre,
Are more worthy objects than Sally M'Quire."

6.

"O worthy fair maiden, pray hear me with patience,
Your words, like sharp arrows augment my vexation;
My spirit lies sinking in deep adoration,
I'm slave to pale sorrow, without consolation:
Not to gods, nor to angels, nor yet to the saints,
In hopes of prevailing, I make my complaints,
To you I'm imploring, most beauteous saint;
And at your fair feet I'm resolv'd to expire,
Unless you relieve me, sweet Sally M'Quire."

7.

"Your love, Sir, is like to mount Etna inflamed,
Unless it can be by some virgin esteemed;
No permanent blessing such hot love containeth,
For soon it grows cold, & sharp sorrow remaineth:
True love is like iron in furnace refined,
True love is like gold of a virtuous kind,
But yours is like dross that lies burning behind;
To a flame more refined you must needs aspire,
To gain the least favour of Sally M'Quire."

Her dictates so sweet by this time did persuade me
I'd more than her beautiful person t'engage me;
For none of her betters could ever command her,
So nobly she fought under virtue's bright banner.
Then quickly I turned, I thought in my mind,
How I could persuade her to love more refin'd,
She sought to be permanent, I to be kind:
Like Priam in Troy I resolv'd to expire,
Or gain my release of sweet Sally M'Quire.

9.

O then I embrac'd her with eager emotion,
Saying "Madam, those vows that were paid in devotion
To Diana; surrender those vows I implore you,
O hear & believe I sincerely adore you.
May the suff'rings of Tirelus fall to my share,
Or may I the tortures of Tantalus bear,
Or doom'd like Prometheus to grief & despair,
Or perish like Hercules frantic in fire,
If e'er I prove false to my Sally M'Quire."

With a smile full of sweetness, she said, "your behaviour
And vows have convinc'd me you are no deceiver,
Your vows & your honour appear in your favour,
Therefore let my love recompense all your labour.
But remember the snowy white fleece that is stained,
Its purity never more can be regained;
So marry the heart which you now have obtained;
May your vows & your honour forever inspire
You ne'er to prove false to your Sally M'Quire."

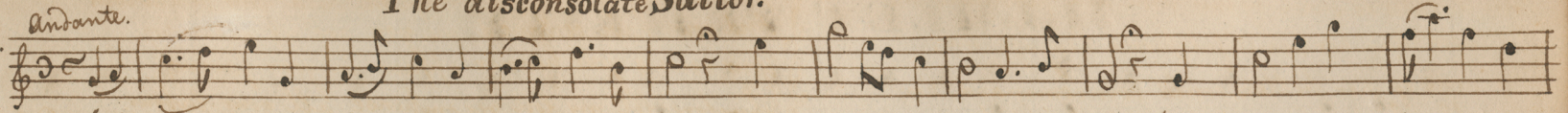
11.

Now, crowned with fruition in her fond embraces,
My peace is restored, my love still increases;
It proves not like Etna when it is inflamed,
For still it grows warmer & still it remaineth.
O may I forever my charmer adore,
Despising the wealth of the African shore,
Peruvian, Silesian, or Mexican ore;
No fame, title, honour or wealth I require,
I've more than them all in my Sally M'Quire.

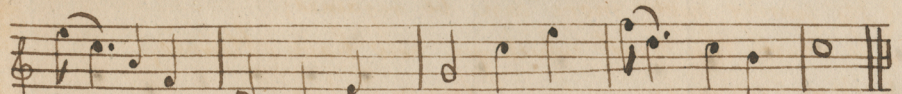
Dec. 31.

The disconsolate Sailor.

No. 6. Andante.



When my money was all gone I had gain'd in the wars, And friend'gan to frown at my fate, What matter'd my zeal, or my



honoured scars When indifference stood at each gate.

2.

The face that could smile when my purse was well lin'd,
Showed a different aspect to me;
And when I could nought but indifference find,
Then I hied me again to the sea.

3

I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
Or bear with cold looks on the shore;
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle, alas! was my store.

4.

A handkerchief held all the wealth that I had,
Which over my shoulders I threw;
Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jovial ship's crew.

5.

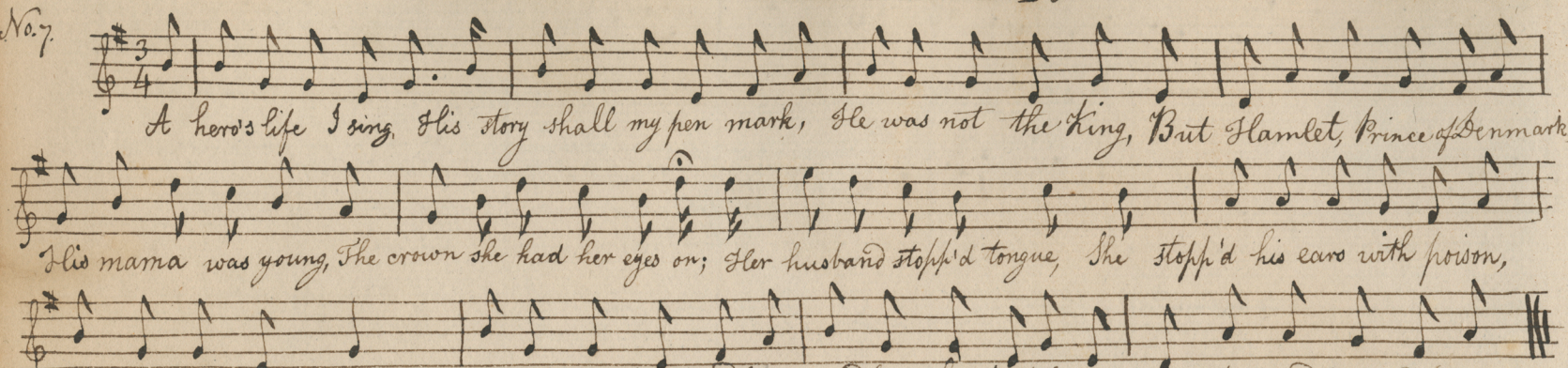
The sea was less troubled by far than my mind;
And, when the wide waves I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was unkind,
And Fortune a slippery jade.

6.

I vow'd if again I could take her in tow,
I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds & the billows could show
More kindness than they did to me.

HAMLET TRAVESTY.

No. 7.



2.

When she had kill'd the king,
She ogled much his brother,
And having slain one spouse,
She quickly got another:
And this so soon did she,
And was so great a sinner,
The funeral bak'd meats
Serv'd for the wedding dinner.
Tooral, looral, &c.

3.

Now Hamlet, sweet, her son,
No bully or bravado,
Of love felt hot the flame,
And so went to Bernardo.
"Oh! sir," says one, "we've seen
A sight, with monstrous sad eye;"
And this was nothing but
The ghost of Hamlet's daddy.
Tooral, looral, &c.

4.

Just at that time it rose,
And sighing said, "List! Hammy;
Your mother is the snake
That poison'd me, or damme—
And now I'm gone below,
All over sulph'rous flame, boy;
That your dad should be on fire,
You'll own's a burning shame, boy."
Tooral, looral, &c.

5.

Just at the time he spoke [dell,
The morn was breaking thro'
Up jump'd a cock, and cry'd
Cock-a-doodle doodle.
"I'm now cock-sure of going,
Preserve you from all evil;
You to your mother walk,
And I'll walk to the devil."
Tooral, looral, &c.

6.

Hamlet lov'd a maid
Calumny had pass'd her
She never had play'd tricks,
'Cause nobody had ask'd her;
Madness seiz'd her wits,
Poor Lord Chamb'rlain's daughter,
She jump'd into a pond,
And went to heav'n by water.
Tooral, looral, &c.

7.

No matter now for that;
A play they made, & shamm'd it;
The audience Claudius was,
And he got up & damn'd it.
He vow'd he'd see no more,
He felt a wondrous dizziness;
And then for candles call'd,
To make light of the business.
Tooral, looral, &c.

8.

A fencing match had they,
The Queen drinks as they try, too,
Says she, "O King, I'm kill'd!"
Says Laertes "so am I too!"
"And so am I!" cries Ham.;
"What, can all these things true be?
Are you dead?" says the King,
"Yes sir, & so shall you be."
Tooral looral, &c.

9.

So then he slabb'd his liege,
Then fell on Ophy's brother;
And so the Danish court
All tumbled one on t'other.
To celebrate these deeds,
Which are from no false
shamlet,
Every village small
Thenceforth was call'd a
Hamlet. Tooral looral, &c.

Sung by Mr. Jefferson, at the Philadelphia Theatre; and by Mr. John Jones, at the Washington Gardens, Boston.

Enoch May.

August 6.

The Quaker and Parson.

For music, see page 4, of this book.

No. 8.

1.

A jolly fac'd parson once happen'd to pop,
Into Simon Pure's plain-dealing every-day shop,
To look out a hat that would just fit his nob,
Which his reverence found a most difficult job,
Derry down, &c.

2.

He look'd & he tried, still laying them down crown,
For he could not find any that would fit his
At last he squeez'd on one that fitted him pat,—
"Now," says he, "Mr. Pure, what's the price of this hat?"
Derry down, &c.

3.

Simon turn'd round the hat fore his cream colour'd face,
"Four & nine pence," said he, & a hum fill'd the space.
"Four & nine pence!" says black-coat & turn'd the hat o'er—
"By my God, I ne'er gave so much money before."
Derry down, &c.

4.

The Quaker said, "Parson, thou'rt in a bad way;
We people ne'er swear, but by good yea & nay,
And never make mention of God's holy name."
"By God," says the Parson, "then you're much to blame.
Derry down, &c.

5.

"Umph," says the Quaker, "art thou sure this is true?
If thou preach the next sabbath, I'll be near thy pew,
And if thou to the people wilt swear plain & flat,
By the good yea & nay, I will give thee the hat."
Derry down, &c.

6.

The parson agreed, & for good Sabbath next,
His quakership went, just to hear this bad text;
In the aisle's vacant centre he took up his place,
To stare his fat reverence full in the face.
Derry down, &c.

7.

There he stood like a post, without moving a limb;
With his vinegar face, & great broad hat brim;
For the whole congregation this was rare fun,
For he ne'er stirr'd a bone till the Parson begun.
Derry down, &c.

8.

"By God," says the parson, "we live & we move,
By God we have pleasure, & feeling, & love."
His quakership, hearing him say it so pat,
Exclaim'd out, "By God, I have lost my new hat!"
Benjamin Franklin Bond. Derry down, &c.

Sept. 5.

No. 9. NEGRO AND BUCKRA MAN. For music, see page 16.

1.

Great way off at sea, when at home I beenee
Buckra man steal me from the coast of Guinea
Christian Massa pray— call me heathen doggee;
Den I run away, very much he flogee. Ri tol lol, &c.

2.

White man bring me here, & good Christian makee,
Lady fair I dear, for a sarvee takee,
Stand behind her chair, fare play for guinea,
Always she play fair & yet she always winnee. Ri tol, &c.

3.

Lady run away, den de Lawyer takee
Latin word he say, & great rogue he makee;
Poor man den I saw, go to law so funny,
He have all de law Massa all de money. Ri tol, &c.

4.

Actor man so gay, for a sarvee hiree,
Tragedy he play, play-house never tiree;
Massa often die, den good wine he quaffee,
All de people cry, I & Massa laughee. Ri tol lol, &c.

Sept. 7.

5.

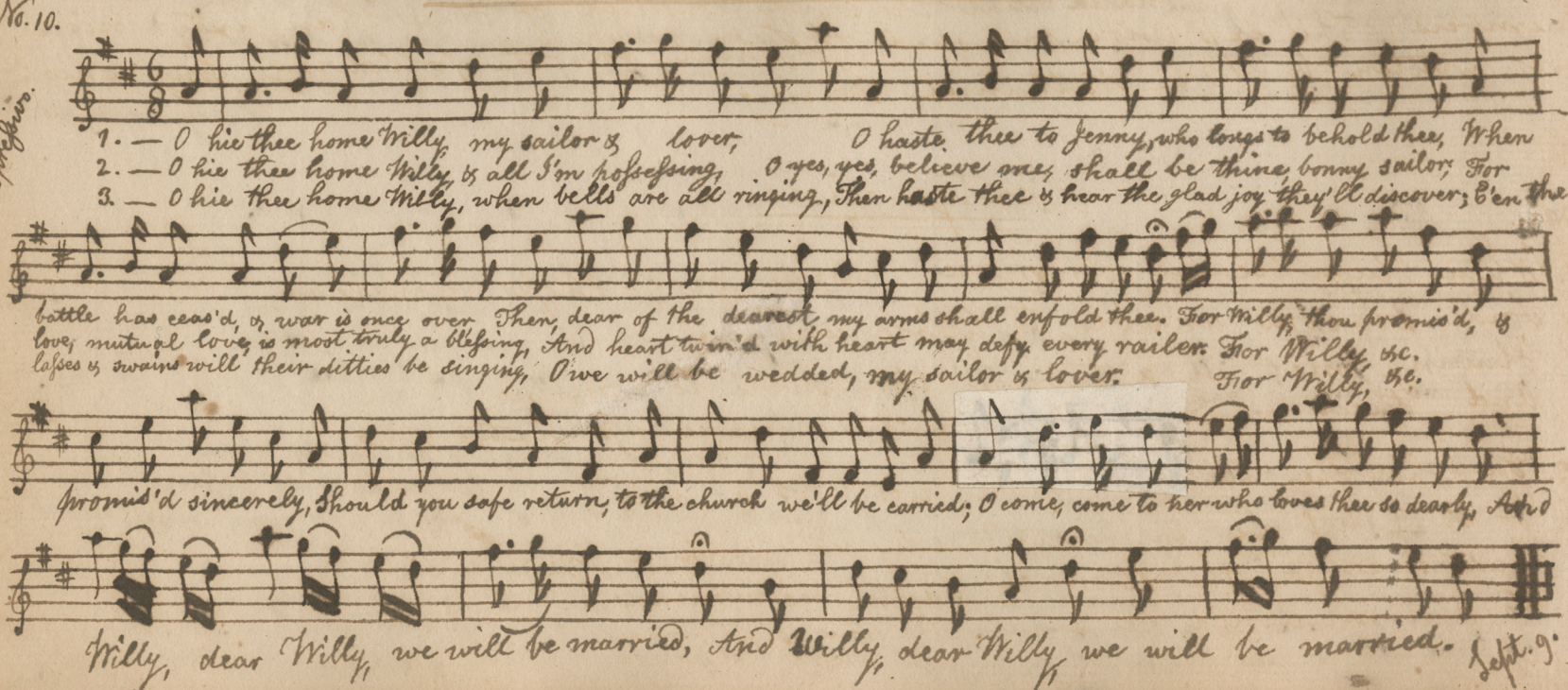
After dat I go, vid de doctor liree,
I hold him hand out so— & de fee dey giree;
Dey be fool enough, Massa make great fuzee,
Give de patient stuff, & make de poor man worsee. Ri tol, &c.

6.

Negro girl I see, love her sweet as honey;
Soon she marry me, she & I get money;
Happy she & I live among our betters,
Heaven go, when we die— if Buckra man will let us.
Ri tol lol, &c.

No. 10.

Words by Mr. Upton. # O HIE THEE HOME WILLY. A Scotch Ballad.



Sept. 9.

Some years since, considerable excitement existed in Portland, on the subject of intemperance, and a society was formed for its suppression. An account of one of the meetings of this society, published in a newspaper stated that the society consisted of "more than sixty-nine members." This expression furnished the hint for the following song, which was written by Mr. Nathaniel Deering.

Sixty-nine.

No. 11.

1. When Rum became common, and grog-shops unclean,
And beacons unable to tipple unseen,
Having met in a tavern, they swore to combine,
And their number when counted made up sixty-nine.

2. "For what," they all cried, is the worth of a swig,
"If it can't be in secret?" why not worth a fig:
And since for the stomach Paul recommends wine,
To abstain would be equal to sins sixty-nine.

22

3. "Thus the bottle we'll visit at noon in a trice,
And only just call it "suppression of vice;"
Then drive out the tipplers, though dry as a pine.
To yield to the pious, the brave sixty-nine.

4. "'See not wine that is red,' did Solomon write;
'Twas only because he lov'd wine that was white;
And since 'to walk in the spirit,' our teachers enjoin,
We'll walk it as often as times sixty-nine."

5. Their voices confus'd like the builders of Babel,
Soon some of them sprawling fell under the table,
Their bodies in filth rolling just like a swine,
And their spirits full up to degrees sixty-nine.

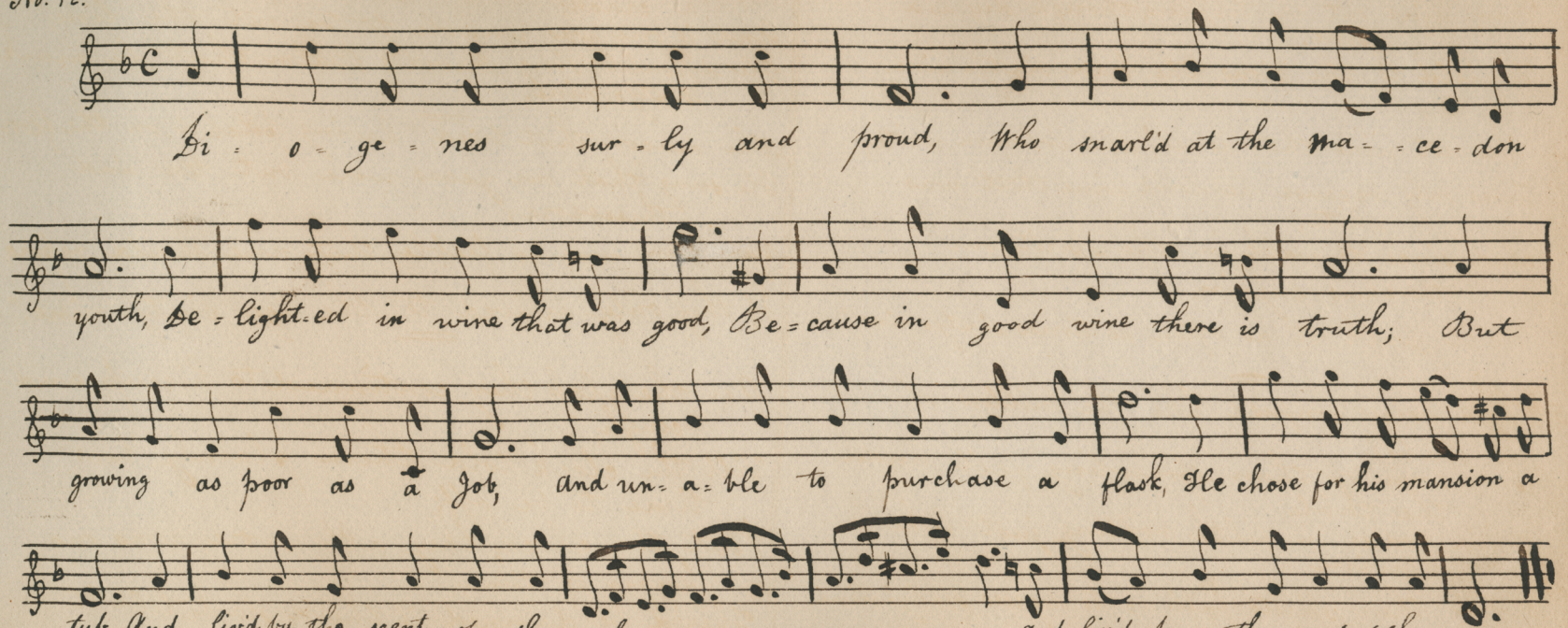
6. An orthodox member then bawl'd out "more sack,"
And mov'd that each brother should walk on a crack;
And if one was unable to "toe out the line,"
He should sing David's Psalm that he mark'd sixty-nine.

7. The deacon that tried, having pitch'd on the floor,
He sung "that our years were but ten and threescore;
Yet man was so feeble, that none should repine,
If they only arrived to the age sixty-nine."

O'er the glass they continued to hiccup and cough,
Till the clock told them plainly 'twas time to be off;
But the clock, they all swore, was no keeper of time,
They'd be damned if they'd start till it struck sixty-nine.

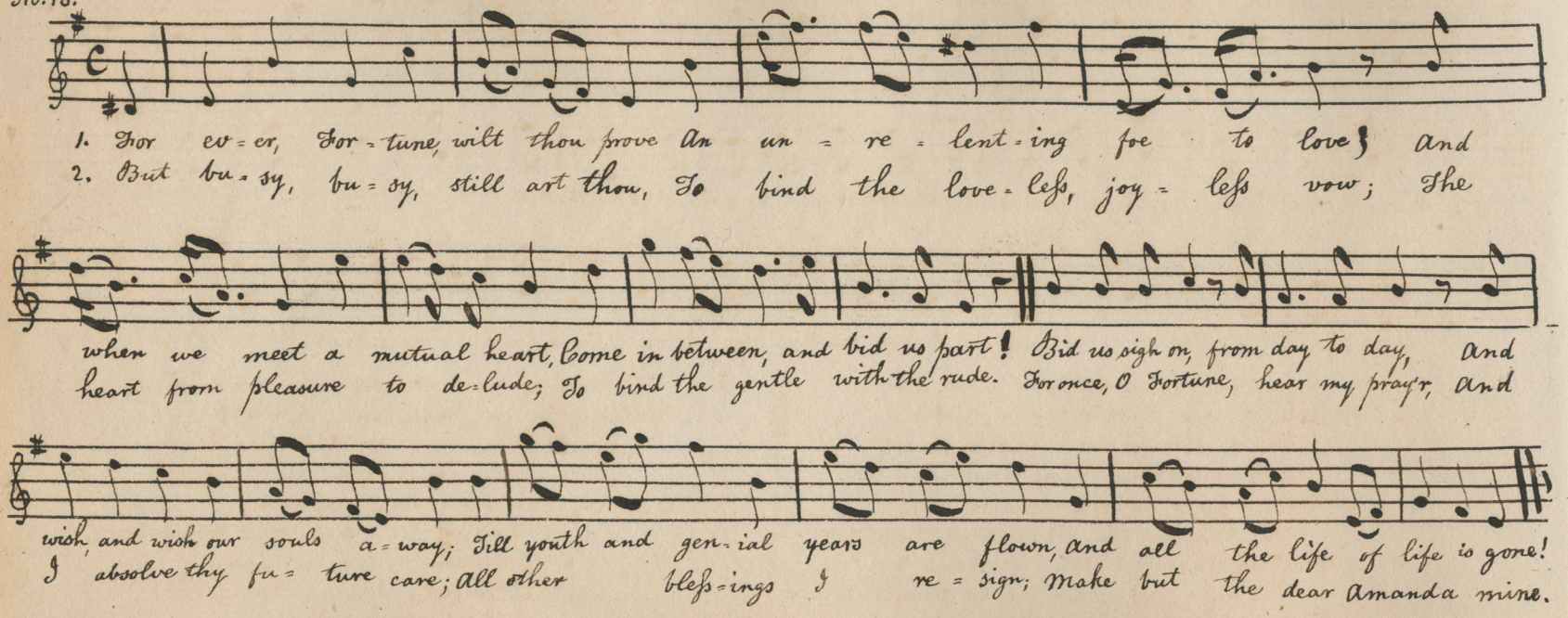
No. 12.

Ancient Philosophers.



Forever, Fortune.

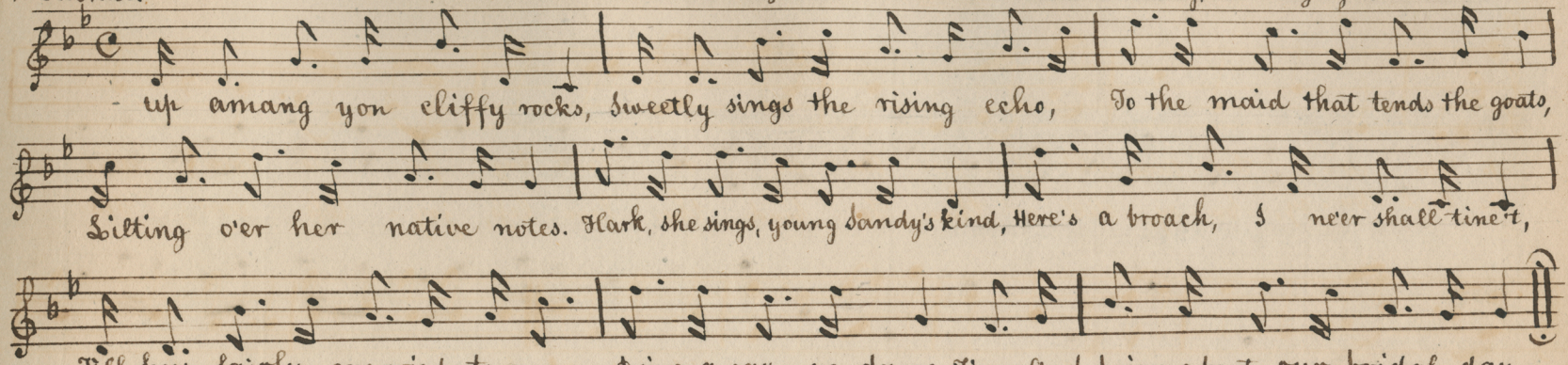
No. 13.



Moderato.

The Maid that tends the Goats.

Scottish melody, as sung by mr. Wilson.



2. Sandy herds a flock o' sheep;
Aften does he blaw the whistle,
In a strain sae saftly sweet,
Lammies list'ning darena bleat.
He's as fleet as mountain roe,
Hardy as the highland heather;
Wading through the winter snaw,
Keeping aye his flocks thegither;
But a plaid wi' bare houghs,
He braves the bleakest norland blast.

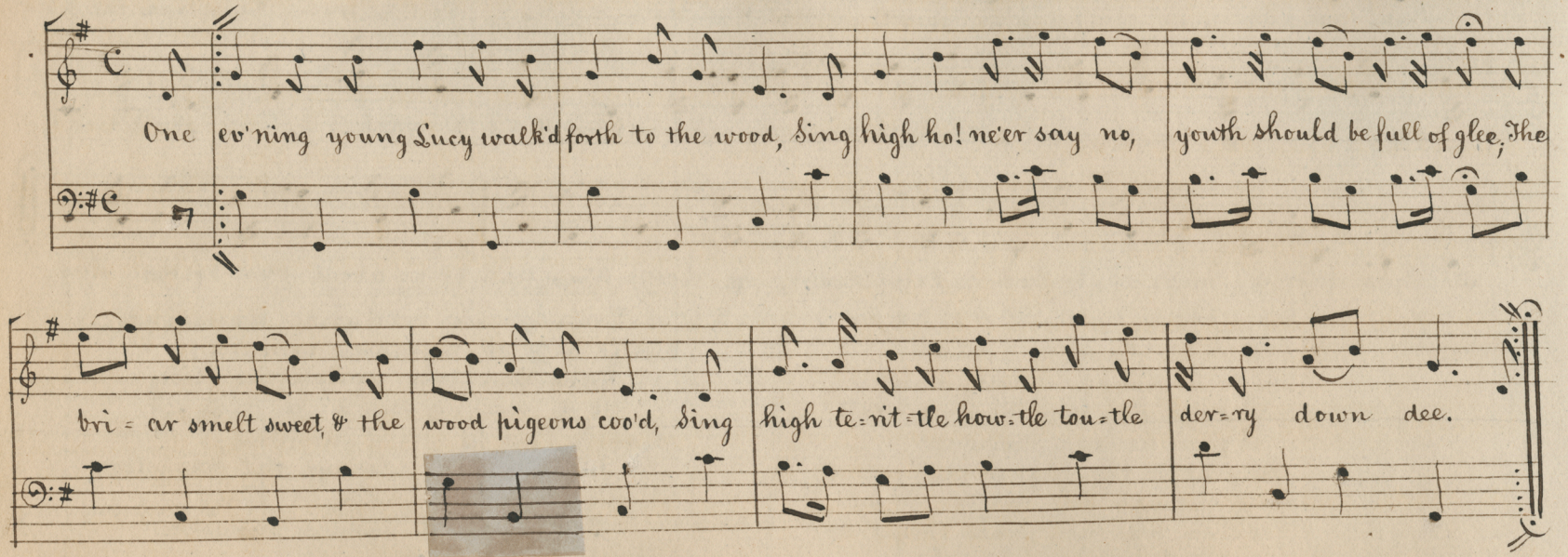
3. Brawly can he dance and sing,
Canty glee or highland cronach;
Nane can ever match his fling
At a reel or round a ring;—
Wightly can he wield a rung;—
In a brawl he's aye the bangster:
A' his praise can ne'er be sang
By the langest-winded sangster.
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Seem short, though they were e'er sae lang.

Nov. 24, 1859.

Copied from the "Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure." London, April, 1773.

The Bird's Nest.

A new Song.



2.

With hare-bells and vi'lets a posy she made,
Sing high ho, &c.
For harmless young Lucy was nothing afraid,
Sing high terittle &c.

3.

It chanc'd that way Willy came piping along,
Sing high ho &c.
When pleas'd Lucy stopt for to listen to his song,
Sing high terittle &c.

4.

The shepherd was gay when his Lucy he spied,
Sing high ho &c.
most luckily met my dear charmer, he cried,
Sing high terittle &c.

5.

Beneath yonder elms you will primroses find,
Sing high ho &c.
'Tis shady, and there I can tell you my mind,
Sing high terittle &c.

6.

Hand in hand they then went to the primrosy walk,
Sing high ho &c.
The way was soon pass'd, for sweet love was their talk,
Sing high terittle &c.

7.

Amidst yonder bushes perhaps there's a nest,
Sing high ho &c.
Then urg'd her to go, whilst her soft lips he prest,
Sing high terittle &c.

8.

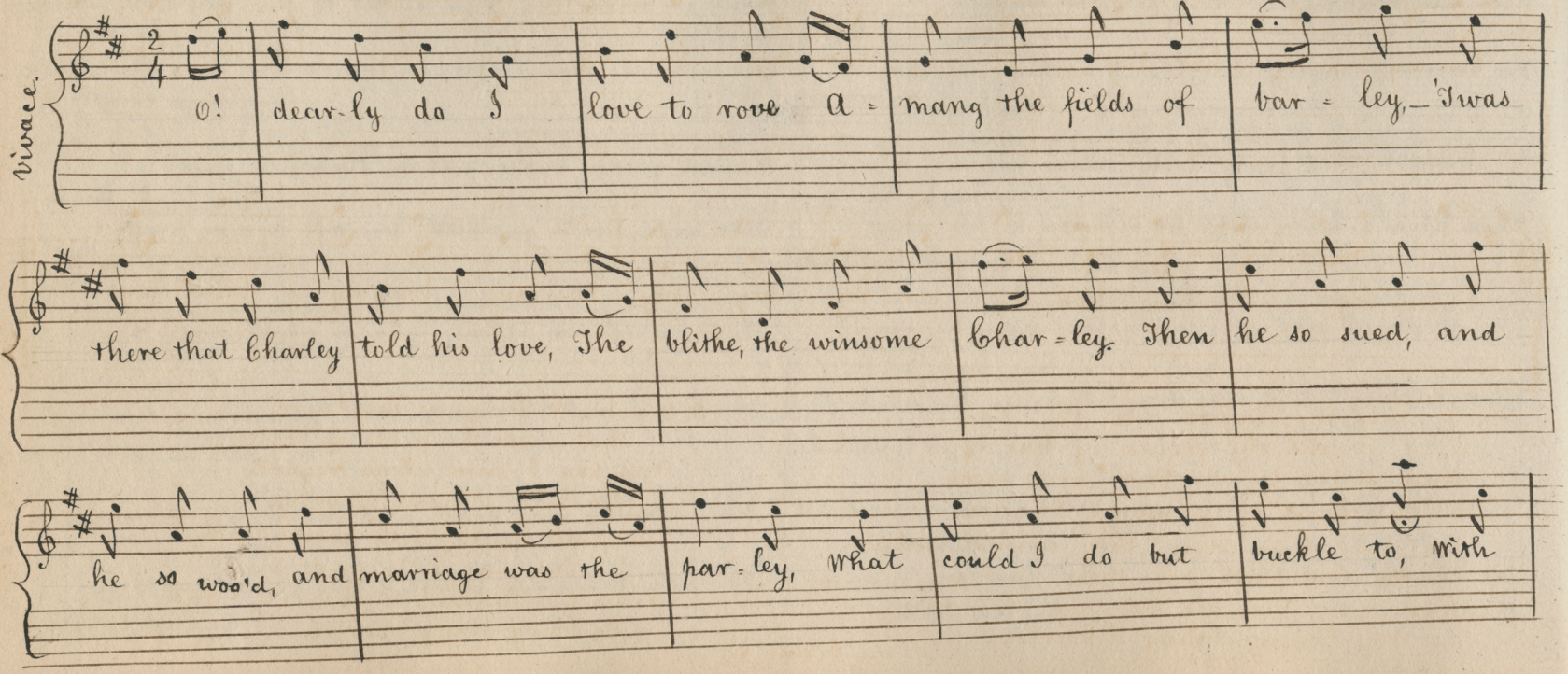
What maid can refuse, who so courteously begs?
Sing high ho &c.
The bird's nest he found, and gave Lucy the eggs,
Sing high terittle &c.

9.

The evening was sweet, and he pleas'd the maid so,
Sing high ho &c.
That she promis'd again a bird's-nesting to go,
Sing high terittle &c.

Bonnie Charley.

Words by Upton. Music by Hook.





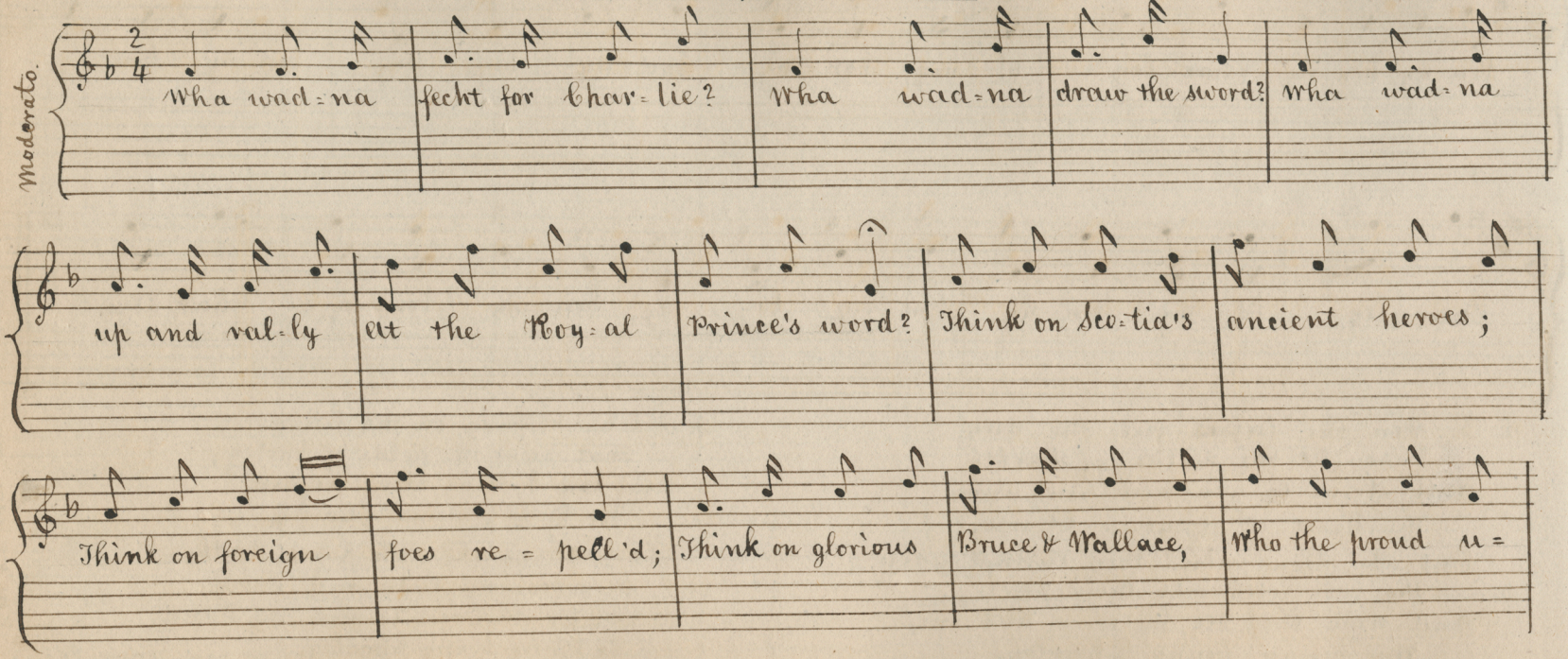
2. I ken the lasses rue the day
I sought the fields of barley,
And strive to win from me away
The heart of winsome Charley;
But ah! how vain! they cannot gain
His love with all their parley;
And now they see he woos but me,
My bonny, bonny Charley. O! my bonny, &c.

3. O! ilka blessing on the laird
That owns the fields of barley;
And ken I him alone regard,
For he is winsome Charley.
The gentle youth, with purest truth,
So woos me late and early,
I can't withstand to give my hand
To bonny, bonny Charley. O! my bonny, &c.

Nov. 22, 1858.

Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.

A Jacobite Song.





2. Rouse, rouse, ye pitted warriors;
Rouse, ye serdes of the north;
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,—
'Tis your prince that leads you forth.
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
Shall we own a foreign sway?
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
While a stranger rules the day? Wha wadna &c.

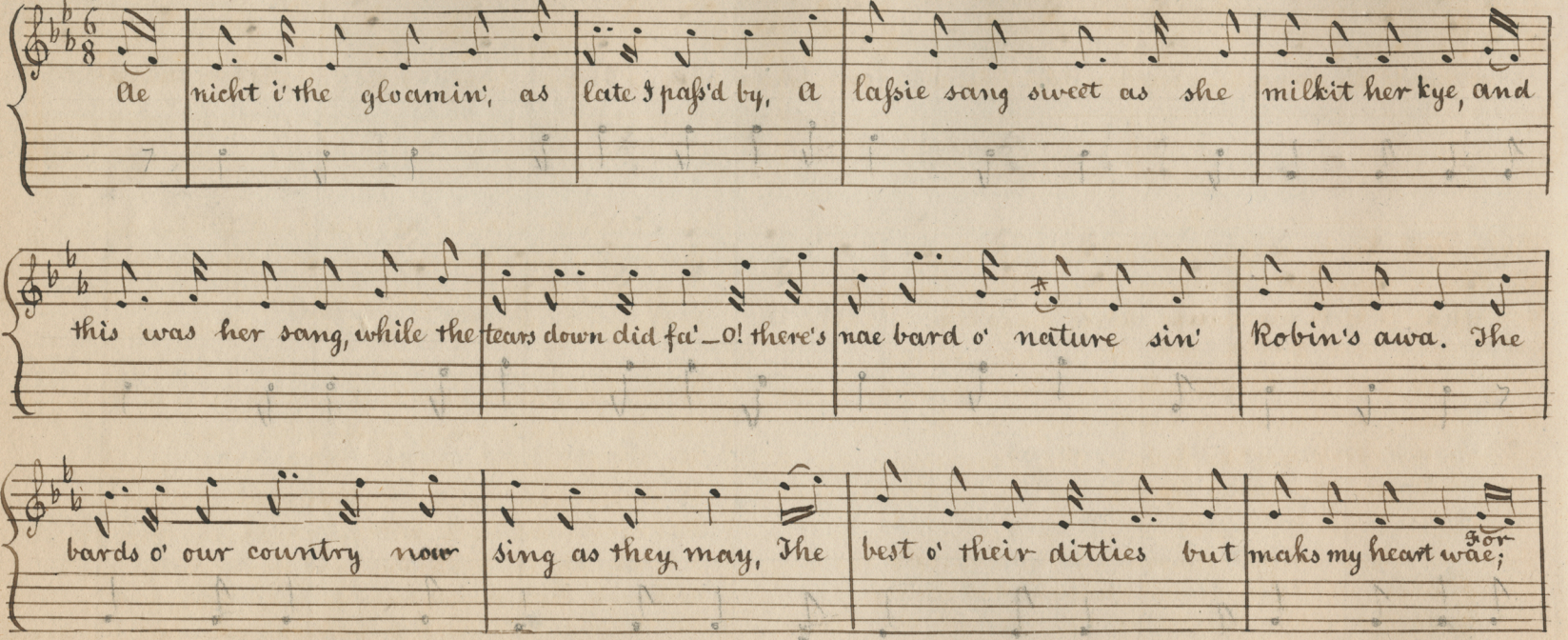
3. See the northern clans advancing!
See Glengarry and Lochiel!
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!
Highland hearts are true as steel!
Now our Prince has rais'd his banner;
Now triumphant is our cause;
Now the Scottish lion rallies,—
Let us strike for Prince and laws. Wha wadna &c.

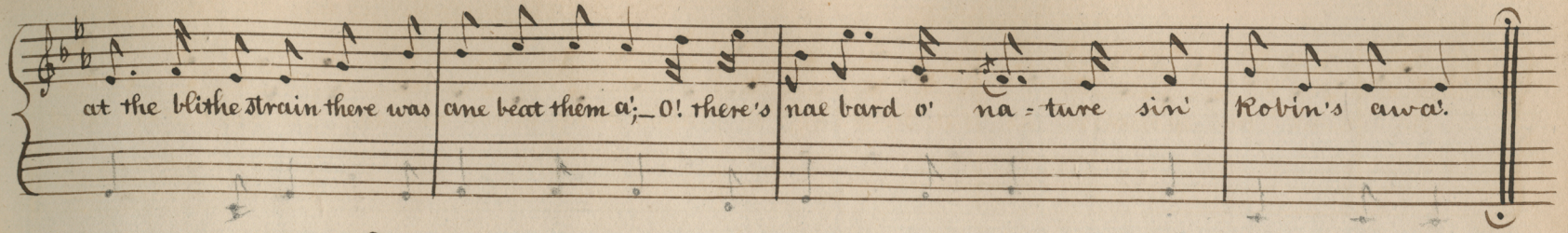
Nov. 23, 1859.

Robin's awa.

Old Scotch melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Moderato.





2.

Auld Wat he is wily, and pleases us fine,
Wi' his lang-nebbit tales an' his feilies lang-syne;
Young Jack is a dreamer, Will sings like a craw;
An' Davie an' Delta are dowie an slaw;
Trig Jam frae the Hielands was aince a braw man;
Poor Jamie, he blunders and sings as he can;
There's the Clerk an' the Sodger, the Newsmen an' a';
They but gar me greet sairer for him that's awa'.

3.

'Twas he that could charm wi' the wauff o' his tongue,
Could rouse up the auld an' enliven the young,
An' cheer the blithe hearts in the cot an' the Ha'—
O! there's nae bard o' nature sin' Robin's awa'.

Nae sangster amang us has half o' his art;
There was nae fonder lover an' nae kinder heart;—
Then wae to the wight wha wad wince at a flaw,
To tarnish the honors o' him that's awa'.

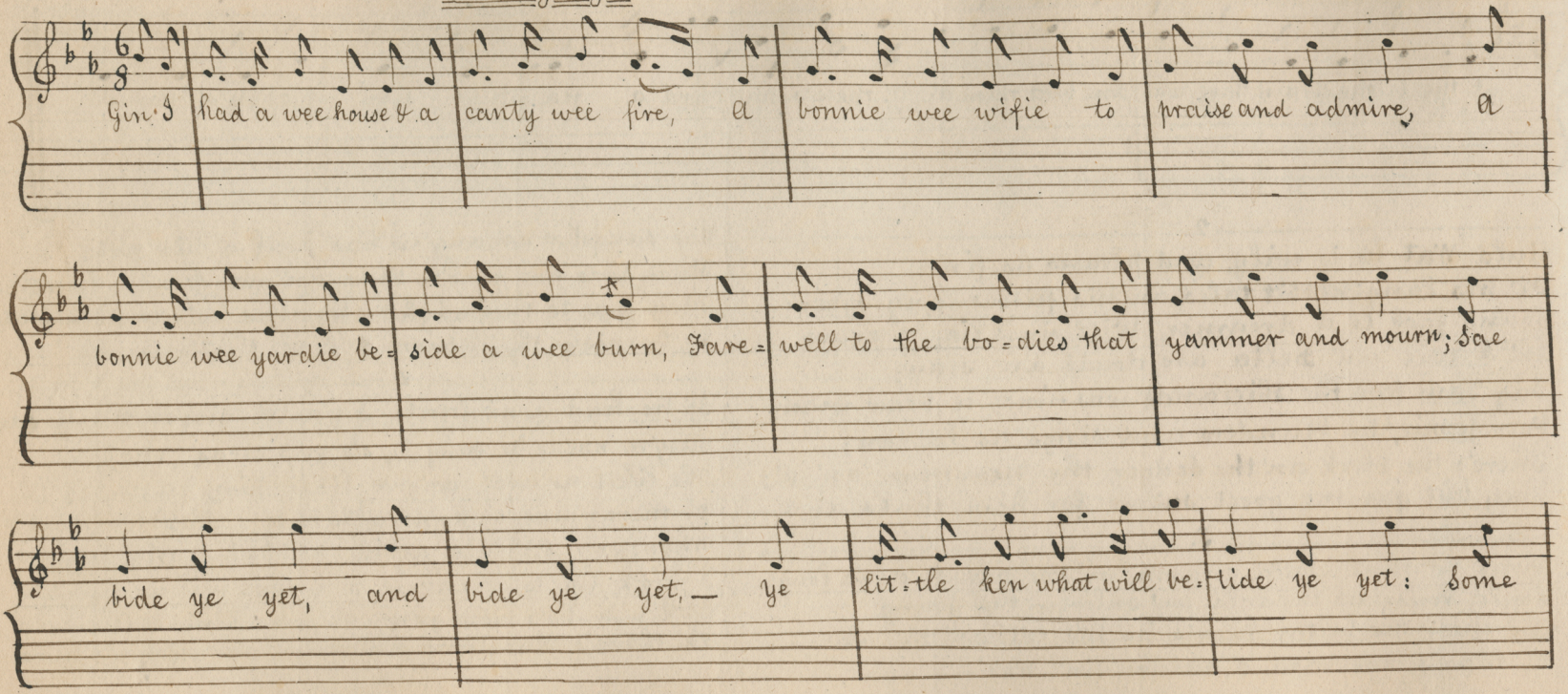
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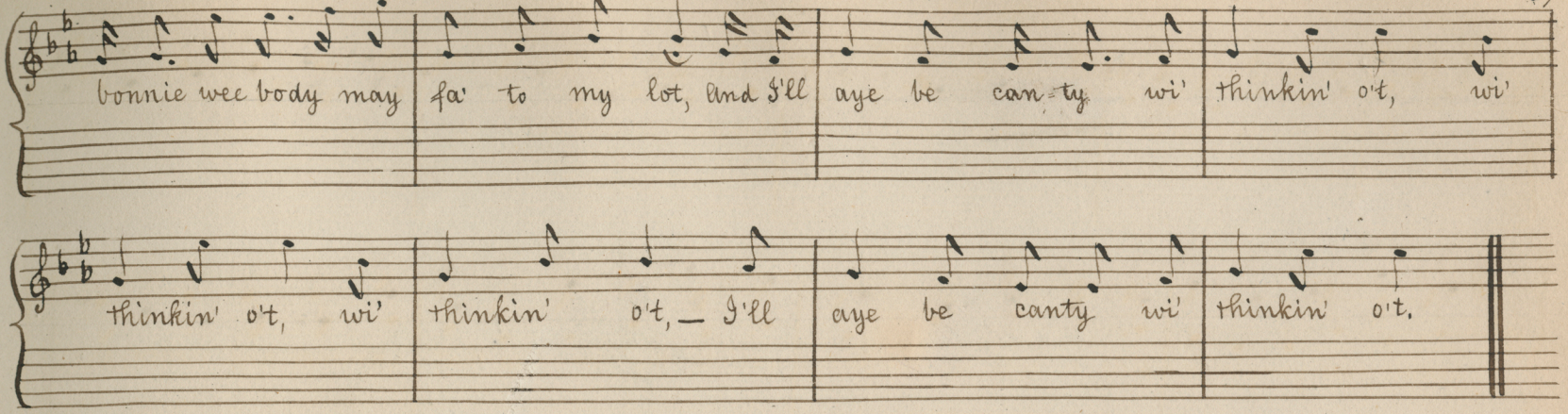
If he had some faults, I could never them see—
They're nae to be sung by sic gilpies as me;
He likit us weel, an' we likit him a',—
O! there's nae sickan callan sin' Robin's awa'.
Whene'er I sit late at the milkin' my kye,
I look up to Heaven, an' say, wi' a sigh—
Although he's now gane, he was King o' them a';—
Ah! there's nae bard o' nature sin' Robin's awa'.

Nov. 24, 1859.

Bide ye yet.

as sung by Mr. Wilson.





2. When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll find my wee wifie fu' neat and fu' clean,
And a bonnie wee bairnie upon her knee,
That'll cry "Papa!" or "Daddy!" to me.
Sae bide ye, &c.

3. I care na a button for sacks fu' o' cash, —
Let wizen'd auld bachelors think o' sic trash:
Gie me my dear lassie to sit on my knee;
A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousands to me.
Sae bide ye, &c.

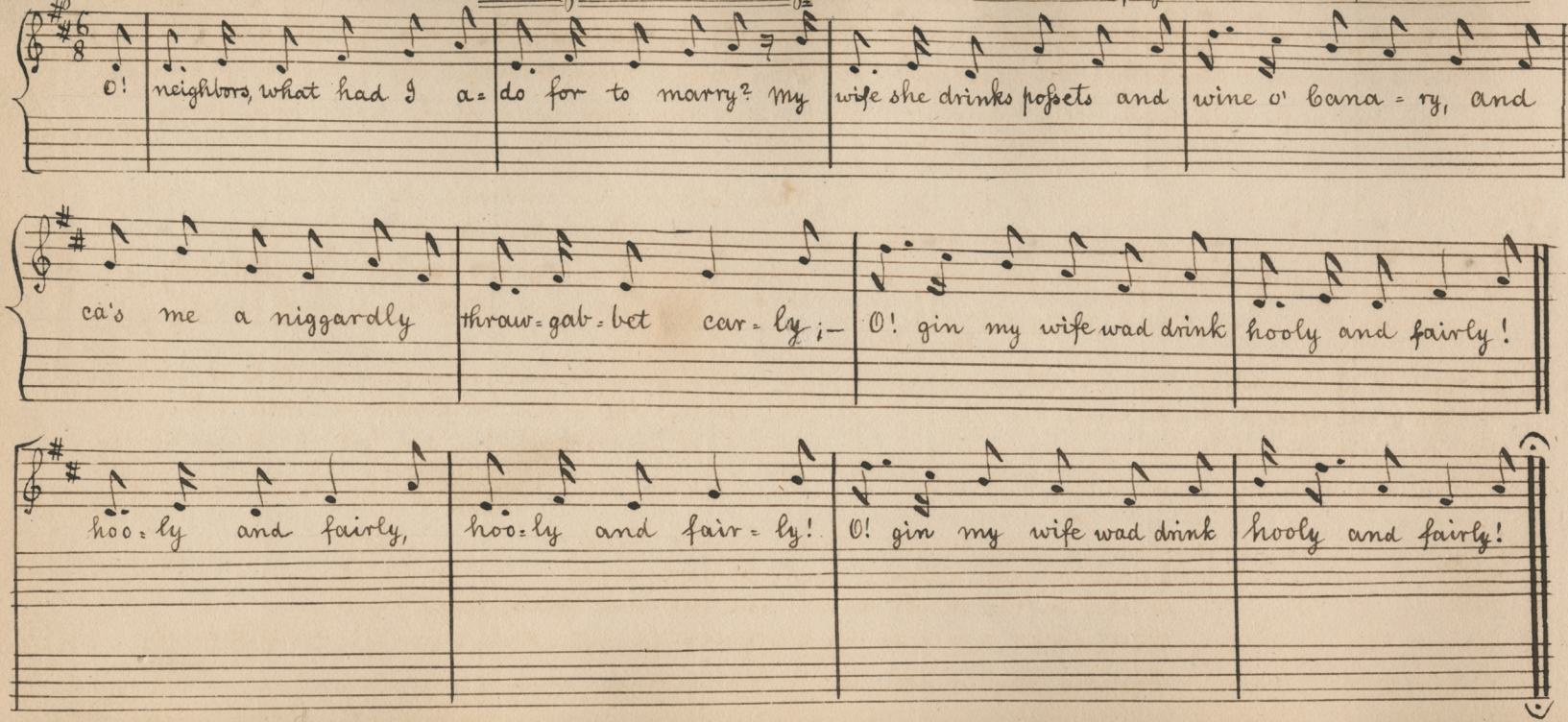
4. And, if there ever should happen to be
A diff'renee atween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humor, although she be teas'd,
I'll kiss her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.
Sae bide &c.

Nov. 24, 1859.

Allegretto.

Hooly and Fairly.

The words by Joanna Baillie; music Scottish.



2. She feasts wi her kimmers on dainties enew,
Aye bowing, & smirking, & dighting her mou';
While I sit aside, & am helpet but sparely;
O! gin my wife wad feast hooly & fairly!
Hooly &c.

3. To fairs, & to bridals, & preachings, & a',
She gangs sae light-headed, & busket sae braw;
It's ribbons & mantuas that gar me gae barely;—
O! gin my wife wad spend hooly & fairly!
Hooly &c.

4. In the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi babs o' red roses & breast-knots o'erlaid,
The Dominie sticket his psalm very nearly;—
O! gin my wife wad dress hooly & fairly!

5. She's warring & fighting frae morning till e'en,
And if ye gainsay her, her eye glowrs sae keen;
Then tongue, neive, & cudgel, she'll lay on ye sairly;—
O! gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!
Hooly &c.

6. When tir'd wi' her cantraps, she lies in her bed,
The wark a' neglecket, the house ill up-red,
When a' our good neighbors are stirring right early;—
O! gin my wife wad sleep hooly and fairly!
Hooly &c.

7. A word o' good counsel or grace she'll hear none;
She bardies the Elders, & mocks at Mess John,
And back in his teeth his ain text she flings rarely;—
O! gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!
Hooly &c.

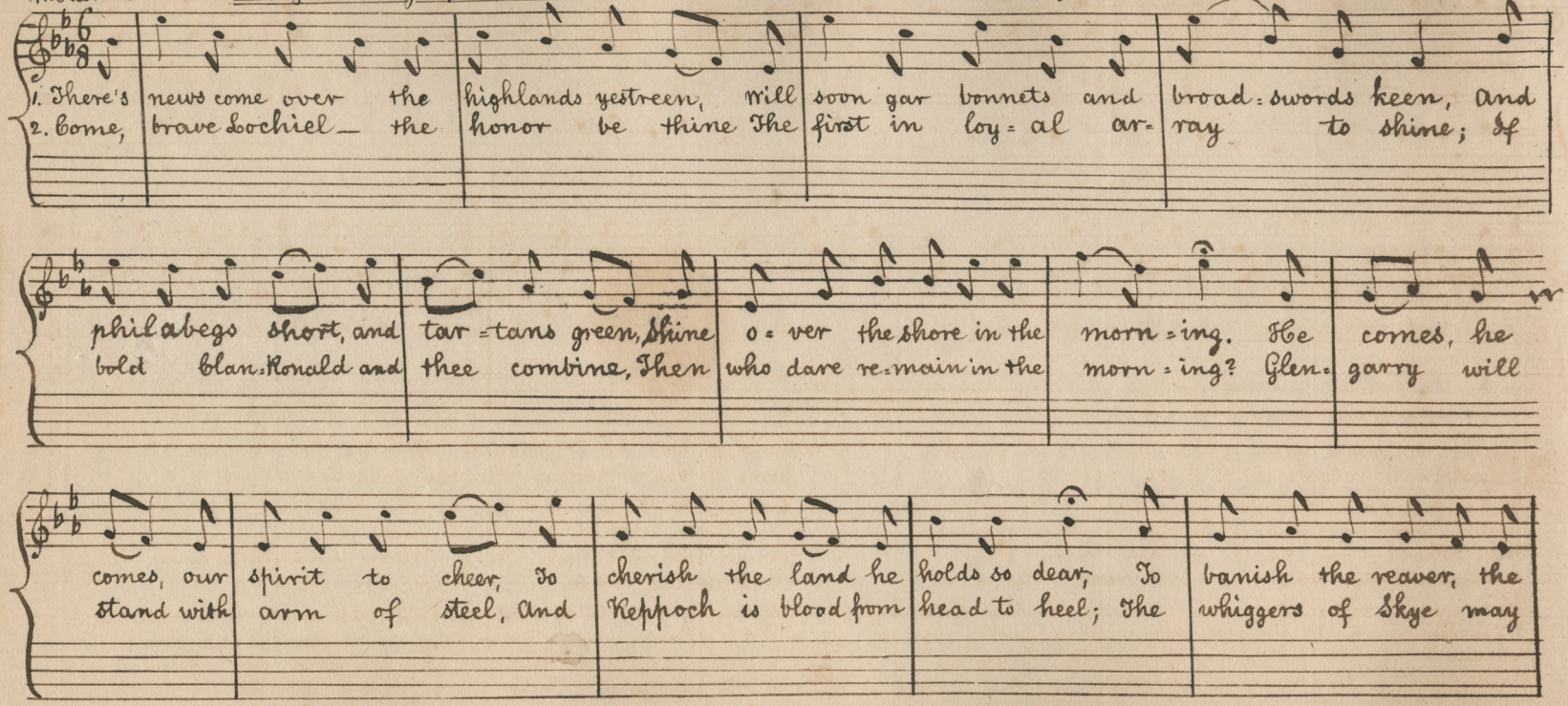
8. Spwish I were single, I wish I were freed,
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead,
Or she in the mools, to dement me nae mair, lay;—
What does't avail to cry hooly and fairly? Hooly & fairly! Hooly & fairly!
Wasting my breath to cry hooly and fairly!

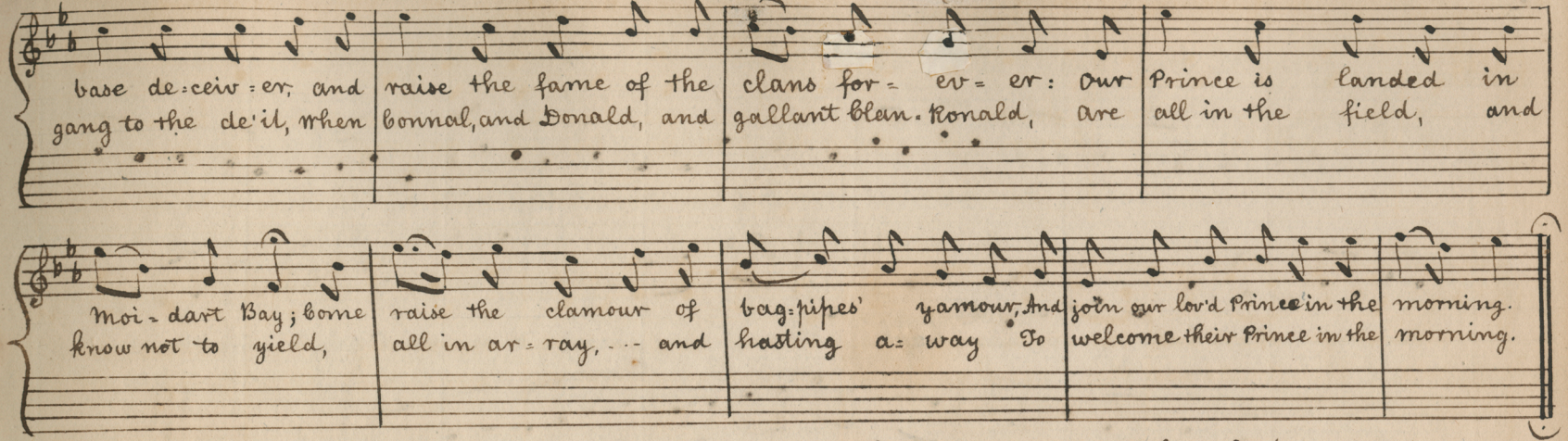
Nov. 26, 1859.

Moderato.

The Gathering of the Clans.

Scottish melody; the poetry by the Ettrick Shepherd.





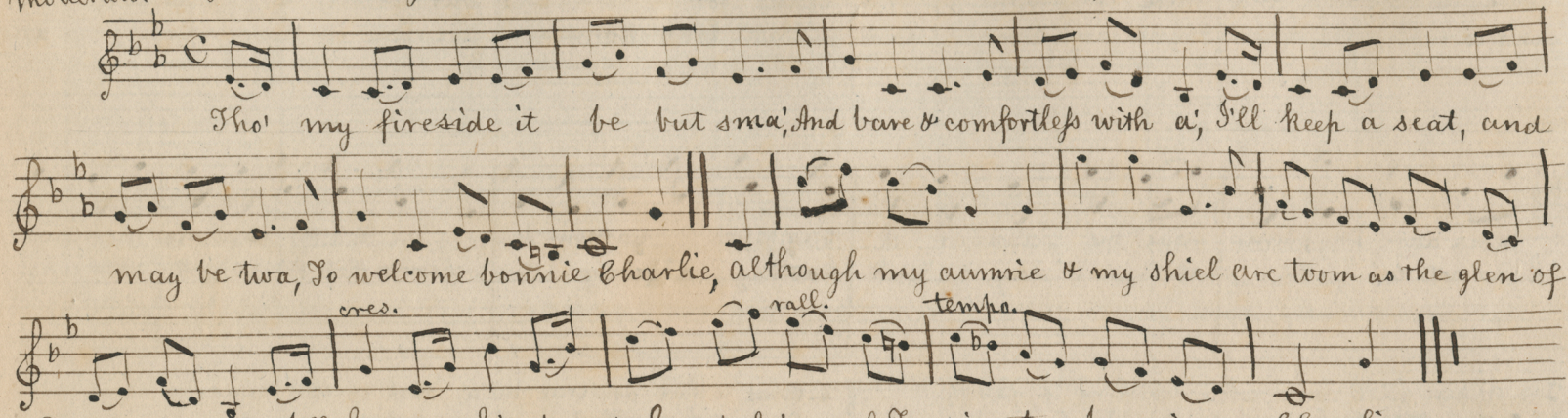
3. The Appin will come, while corning is good,
Stern M'Intosh is of trusty blood,
M'Kenzie and Frazer will come at their leisure,
The whiggers of Sutherland scorning.
The Athol men, keen as fire from steel,
M'Pherson for Charlie will battle the de'il,
The hardy Clan-Dunnoch is up in the Runnoch,
M'Lean and M'Gregor are rising with vigour,
Unaw'd by the pride of haughty Argyle;
And lordly Drummond is belted and coming
To join his lov'd Prince in the morning.

4. Come, a' that are true men, steel to the bane;
Come, a' that reflect on the days that are gane;
Come, a' that have breeks, and a' that have nane,
And a' that are bred unto scorning;
Come, Moidart and Moy, M'Gun and M'Braw;
M'Dugalds, M'Donalds, M'Devils, and a';
M'Duffs and M'Dumpies, M'Leods and M'Lumpies,
With claymores gleaming, and standards streaming;—
Come;—swift as the roe, for weal or for woe,
That whigs in their error may quake for terror,
To see our array in the morning.

Nov. 27, 1852

Bonnie Charlie.

moderato. Jacobite Song, ascribed to Capt. Stuart. — Arranged by Elizabeth Mafson.

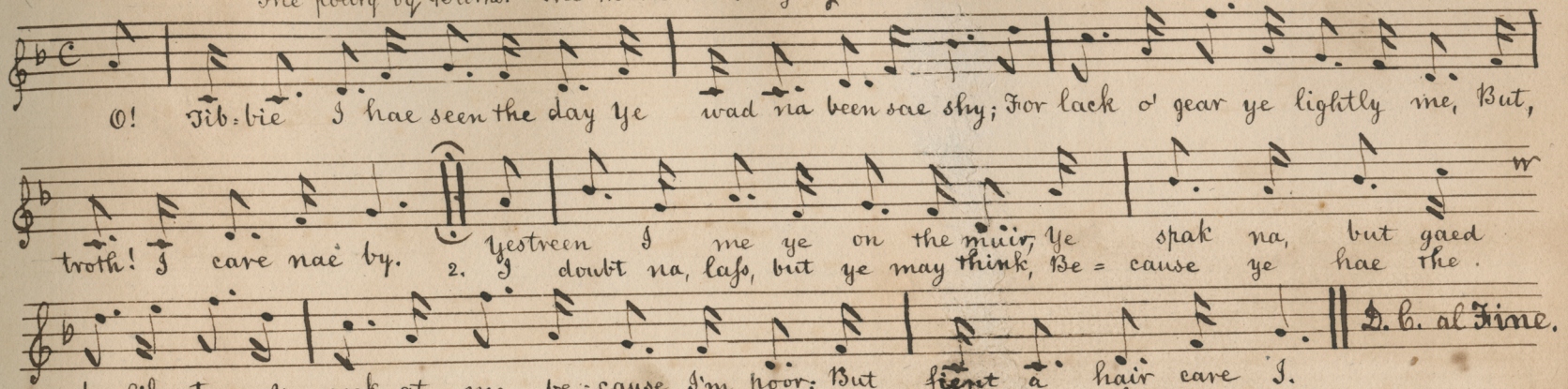


Although my lands are fair & wide,
It's there nae longer I maun bide,
Yet my last hoof, & horn, & hide,
I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.

Although my heart is unco sair,
And lies fu' lowly in its lair,
Yet the last drap o' blude that's there,
I'll gie for bonnie Charlie.

O, Tibbie! I hae seen the day;

The poetry by Burns. The music as sung by Mr. Wilson.



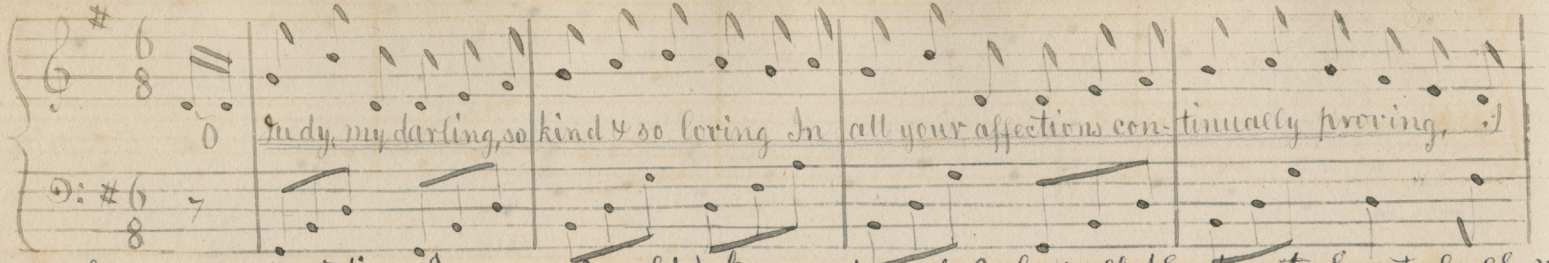
3. But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
To follows ony saucy quean,
That looks sae proud and high. O, &c.

4. Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If he but want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry. O! Tibbie, &c.

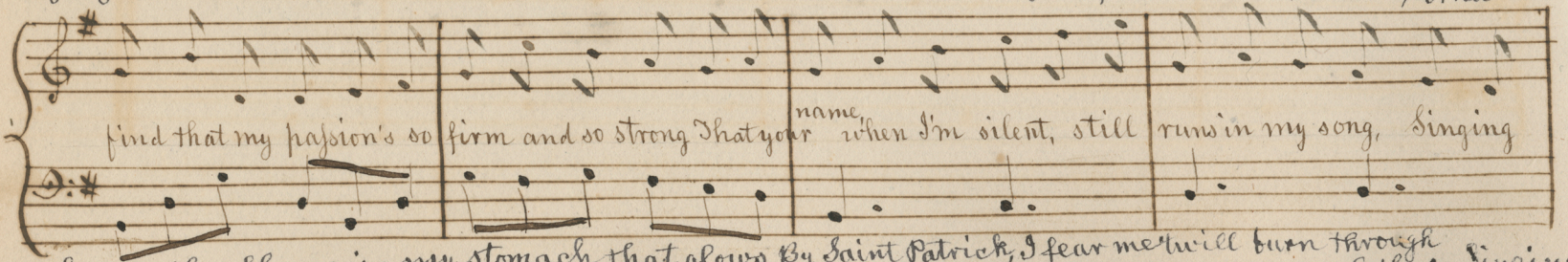
5. But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
Be better than the kye. O! Tibbie! &c.

6. But, Tibbie, lafs, take my advice,
Your Daddie's gear makes you sae nice
The deil a ane wad speir your price,
Were ye as poor as I. O, Tibbie, &c.

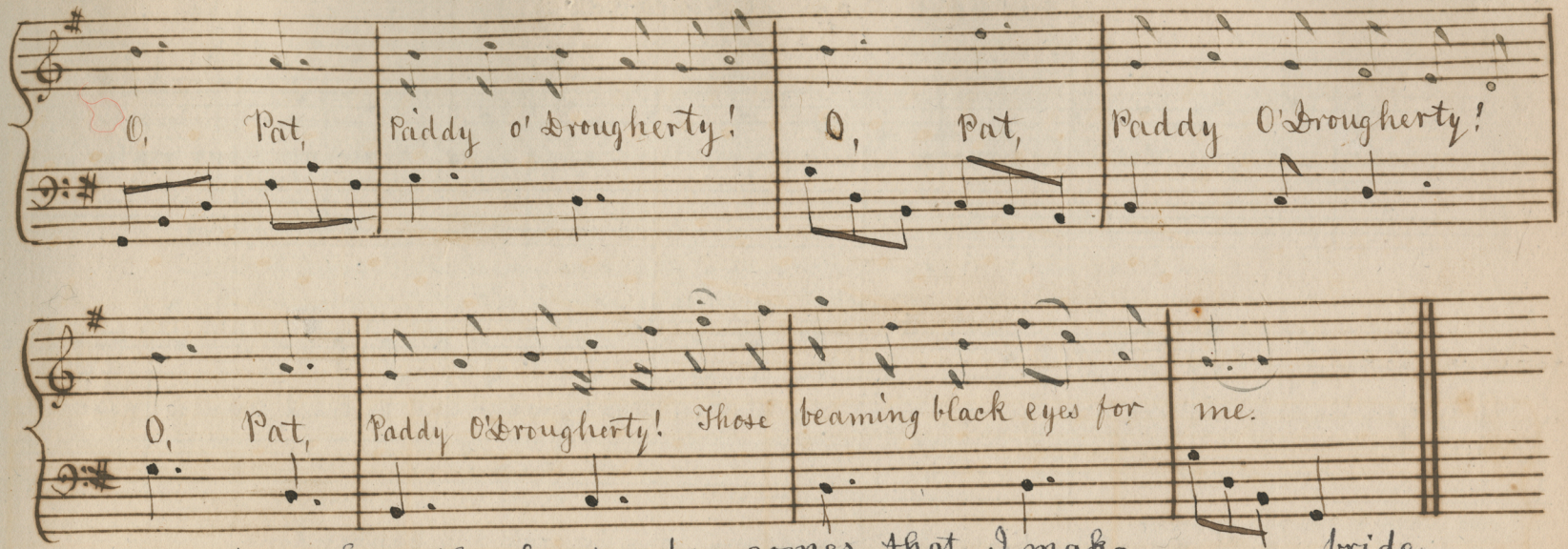
O Judy, my darling:



2. Since the first time I saw ye I could take no repose, So I slept all the day to forget half my woes, And so
3. By my sowl now I think I shall die in my grave, Unless you consint your poor Patrick to save, And



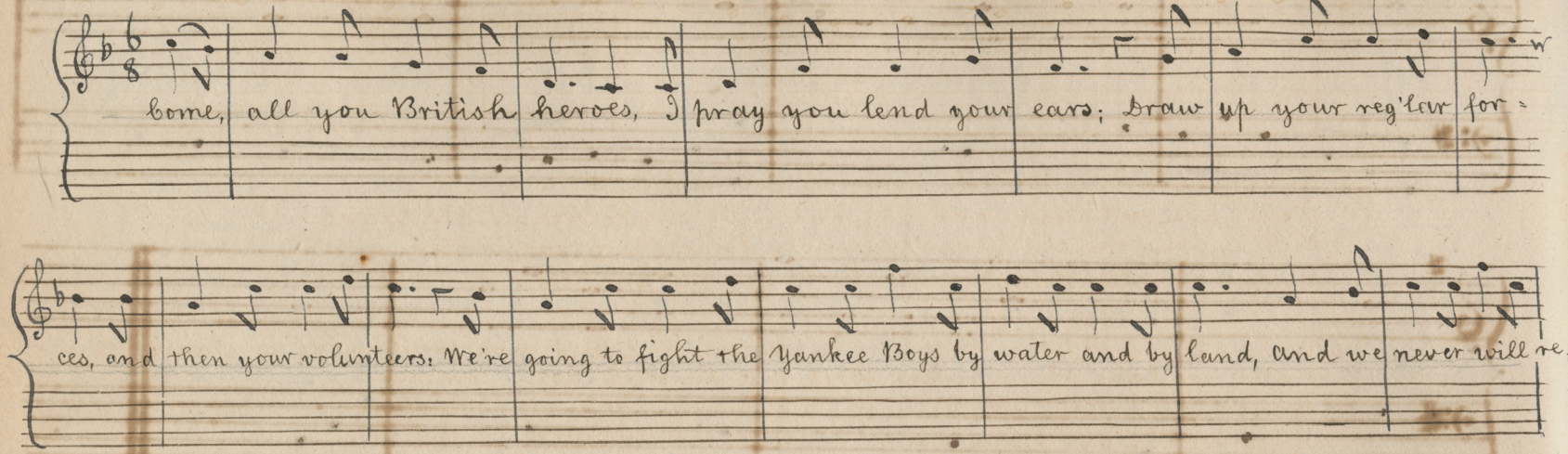
hot is the flame in my stomach that glows, By Saint Patrick, I fear me will burn through my clothes, Singing &c.
grant the petition your lover does crave, For he never'll be free till you've made him your slave; Singing &c.



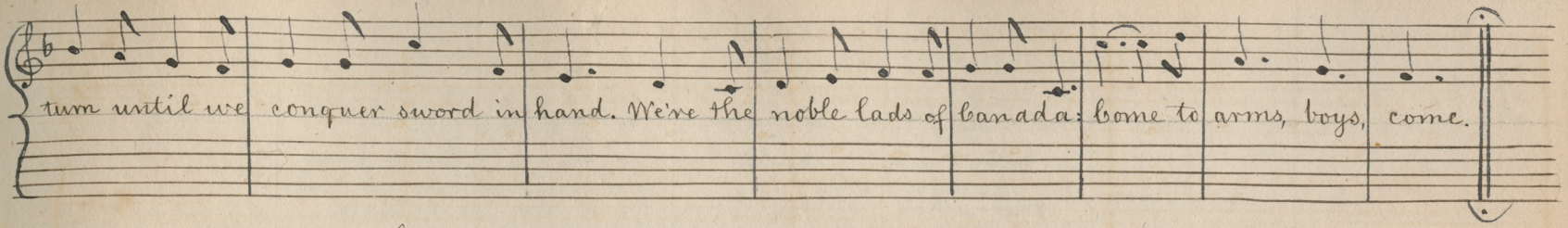
4. When the happy day comes that I make you my bride,
With my long swinging sword on I'll strut and I'll stride,
With a coach and six horses, and, Honey, I'll ride,—
O I'll run all the way to the Church by your side:

Singing &c.

The noble Lads of Canada.



2. O! now the time has come, my boys to cross the Yankee line,
We remember they were rebels once, and conquer'd John Burgoyne.
We'll subdue those mighty Democrats, and pull their dwellings down,
And we'll have the States inhabited with subjects to the Crown.
We're the noble Lads &c.



3. We've as choice a British army as ever crofs'd the seas;
We'll burn both town and city, and with smoke becloud the trees;
We'll subdue the old Green Mountain Boys, their Washington is gone,
And we'll play them "Yankee Doodle," as the Yankees did Burgoyne.
We're the noble lads &c.

4. Now we've reach'd the Plattsburg banks, my boys, and here we'll make a stand,
until we take the Yankee fleet Macdonough doth command;
We've the Growler and the Eagle, that from Smith we took away,
And we'll have their noble fleet that lies anchor'd in the bay.
We're the noble lads &c.

5. O! our fleet is hove in view, my boys, the cannons loudly roar;
With death upon our cannon balls we'll drench their decks with gore:
We've a water craft sufficient for to sink them in an hour;
But our orders are to board 'em, and the Yankee flag to lower.
We're the noble lads &c.

6. O! what bitter groans and sighing we hear on board the fleet,
While Macdonough's cocks are crowing, boys, I fear we shall get beat;
If we lose the cause by sea, my boys, we'll make a quick return,
For as sure as ever hell is hell, we'll all be like Burgoyne.
We're the noble lads of Canada, Stand at arms, boys, stand.

7. Now the battle's growing hot, my boys, I don't know how 'twill turn,
While Macdonough's boats [guns?] on swivels hung continually do burn,
We see such constant flashing that the smoke beclouds the day,
And our larger boats they've struck, and our smaller run away.
O! we've got too far from Canada, run for life, boys, run.

8. O Prevost he sigh'd aloud, and to his officers he said
"I wish the devil and those Yankees could but sail along side;
For the tars of France and England can't stand before them well,
And I think they'd flog the devil, and drive him back to hell."
O! we've got too far &c.

9. Now prepare for your retreat, my boys, make all the speed you can;
The Yankees are surrounding us, we've slaughter'd every man;
Behind the hedges, and the ditches, and the trees, and every stump,
You can see the sons of bitches,—the cursed Yankees, jump
O! we've got too far, &c.

10. Now we've reached the Chazy heights my boys, we'll make a short delay,
For to rest our weary limbs, and to feed our beasts on hay;
Soon Macdonough's cocks began to crow, they heard 'em at Stark's farm,
And the report throughout the camp was a general alarm.
O! we've got too far &c.

11. O Prevost he sigh'd aloud, and to his officers did say,
"The Yankee boys have hove in sight, and hell will be to pay;
Shall we fight like men of courage and let the best be done,
When we know they'll flog us two to one? I think we'd better run.
O! we've got too far &c.

12. "Now if I ever reach Quebec alive, I'll surely stay at home;
For Macdonough's gain'd the victory, the devil fight Macomb;
I had rather fight a thousand troops, good as e'er crofs'd the seas,
Than fifty of those yankee boys behind the stumps and trees.
O! we've got too far &c.

13. They told us that the Federalists were friendly to the Crown,
They'd join the Royal Army and the Democrats pull down;
But they all unite together as a band of brothers round;
They will fight for Independence till they die upon the ground.
O! we've got too far &c.

14. The old seventy-sixers sally forth, upon their crutches they do lean,
With their rifles level'd on us, through their spec's they aim quite keen,
And there's no retreat to those, my boys, who'd rather die than run,
So we make no doubt but these are they who conquer'd John Burgoyne,
When he got too far &c.

15. Now we've reach'd the British ground, my boys, we'll have a day of rest,
And I wish my soul that I could say 'twould be a day so blest,
But I've left so many troops behind, hard after me to come,
And if ever I fight the Yankees more, it shall surely be at home."
Now we've all got back to Canada,—stay at home, boys, stay.

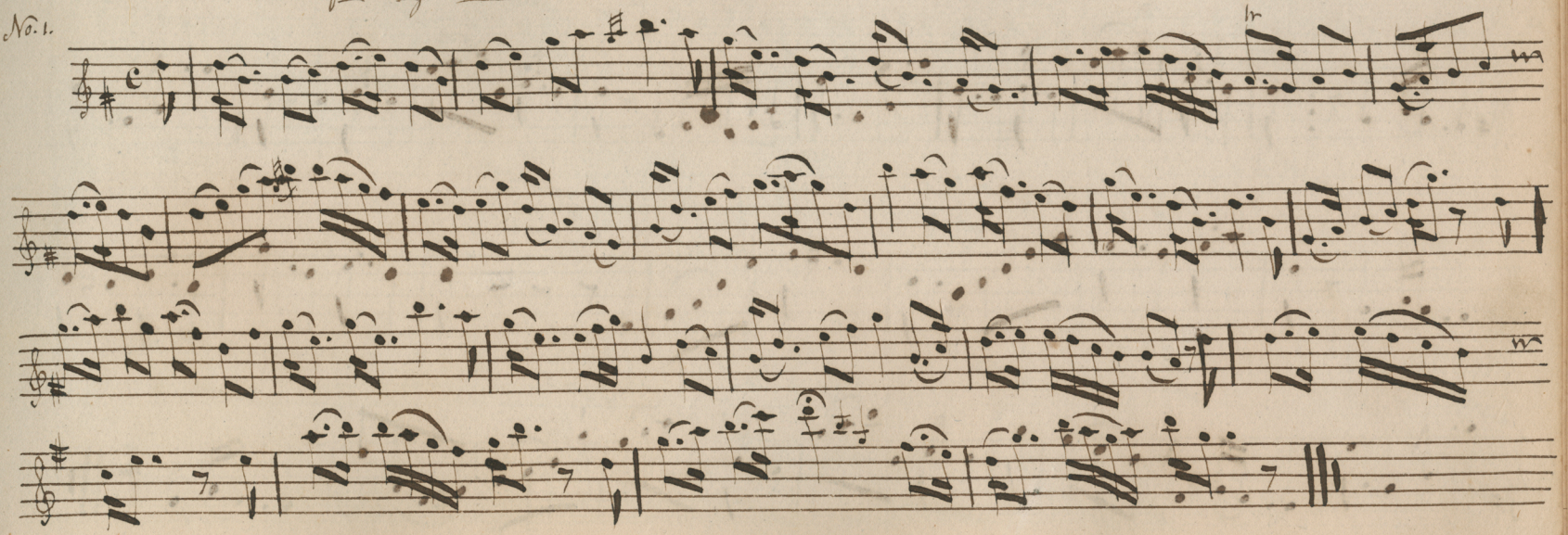
16. Here's a health to all the British troops, likewise to George Prevost;
And to our respective families, and the girls that we love most;
To Macdonough and Macomb, and every Yankee boy:
Now fill up your tumblers full, for I never was so dry.
Now we've all got back to Canada,—stay at home, boys, stay.

Supplement to the Melodist.

Containing Airs, Marches, Waltzes, &c. arranged for the Flute or Violin.

All the world for my laddie.

No. 1.



When Henry Languish'd.

No. 2.

Grazioso.

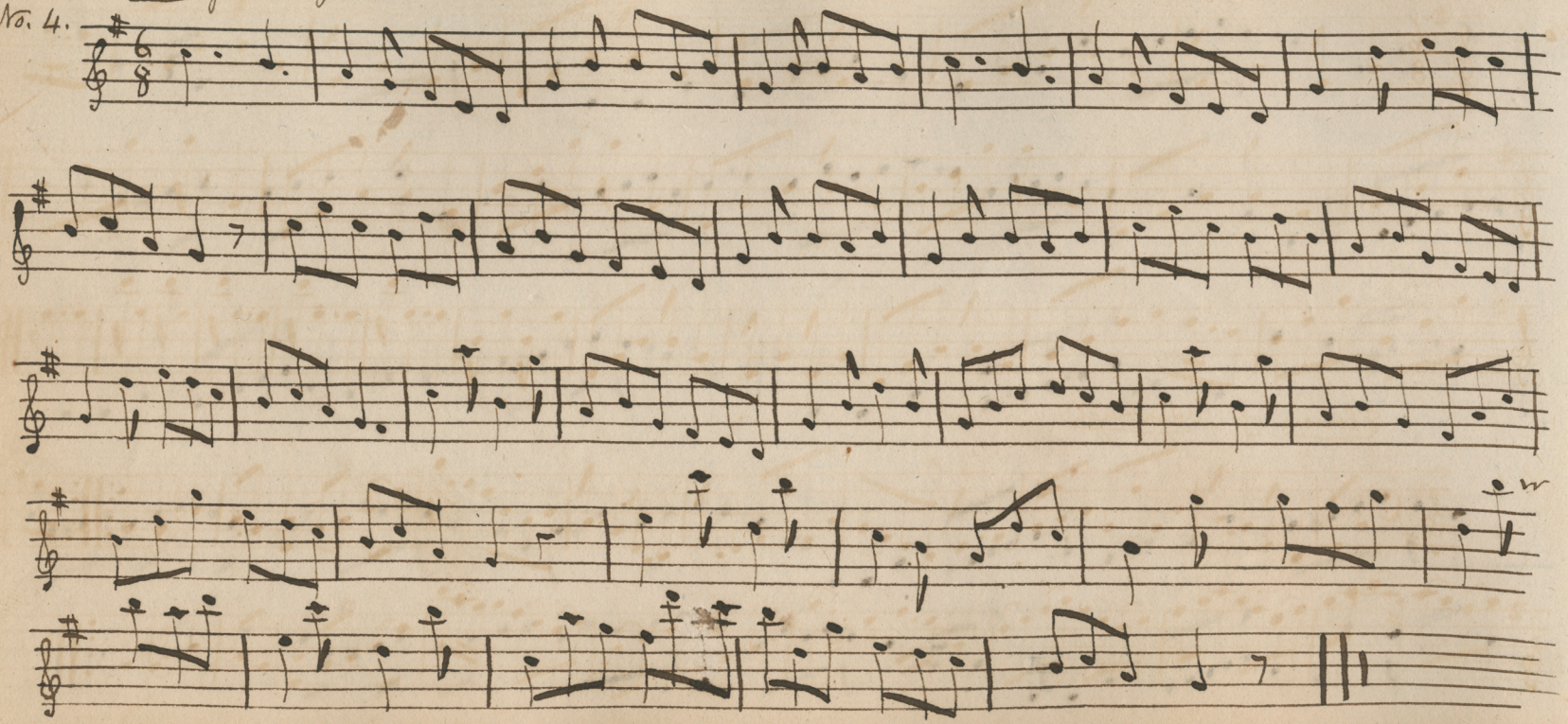


My Love's the kindest creature.

No. 3.

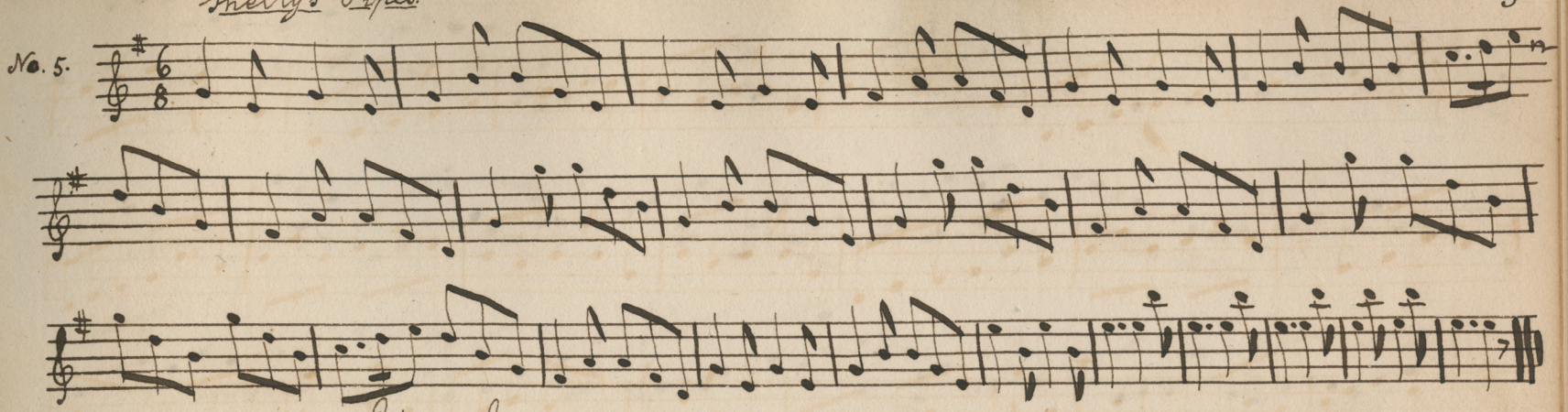


No. 4. Paddy in York.



Shelty's Pipes.

No. 5.



Flowers of Edinburgh.

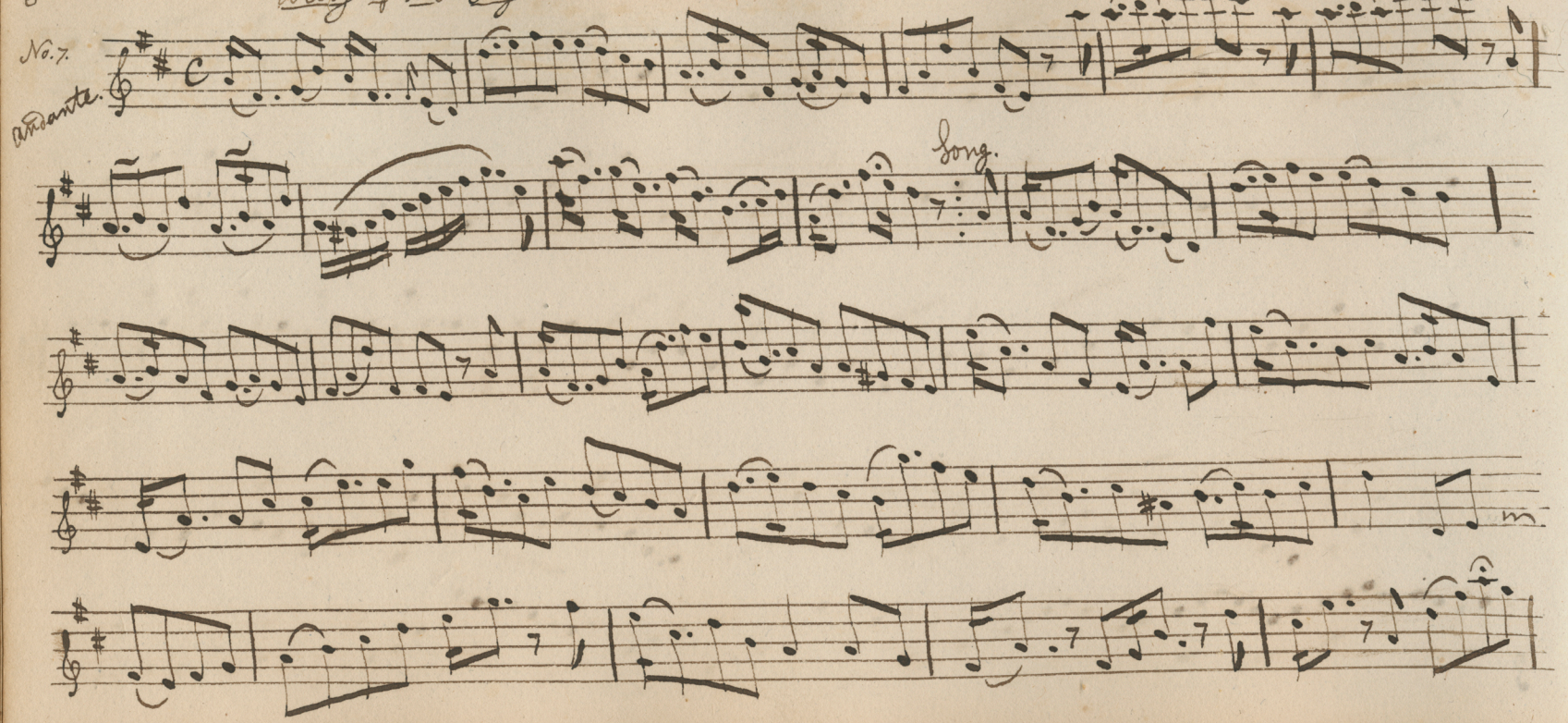
No. 6.



Willy of the Clyde.

No. 7.

Andante.




Syn.

Our village.

Written by Hood.




Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of common law lease,
And contains 20 ducks, 6 drakes, 3 ganders, 2 dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.
Of course the green's croft very close, & does famous for bowling, when the little village boys play at cricket,
Only some horse or pig, or cow, or great jackass is sure to come and stand right before the wicket.

There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns & work-shops, pig-sties and poultry huts, & such like sheds;
With plenty of public houses,—two Foxes, one Green Man, three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, & six King's Heads.
The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that for love or money can raise
A postillion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and a ramshackled "neat post-chaise."
There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be their ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, dark, small, freezing cold little Methodist Chapel of Ease;
And close by the church-yard there's a stone-mason's yard, that when the time is seasonable,
Will furnish with afflictions sore, and marble urns, and cherubims, very low and reasonable,

There's a cage, comfortable enough; I've been in it with old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike,
For the Green man, next door, will send you in ale, Gin, or any thing else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the upright post;
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Bob's horse, as is always there, almost.

There's a smithy, of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his way, old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells every thing, kept by the widow of Mr. Task; But when you go there, it's ten to one she's out of every thing you ask;
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask.

There are six empty houses, and not so well paper'd inside as out;

For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales and election placards all about.

That's the doctor's with a green door, where the garden-pots in the windows are seen;

A weakly monthly rose that dont blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves, and one green.

As for hollyhocks at the cottage doors, and honey-suckles, and jasmines, you may go and whistle,

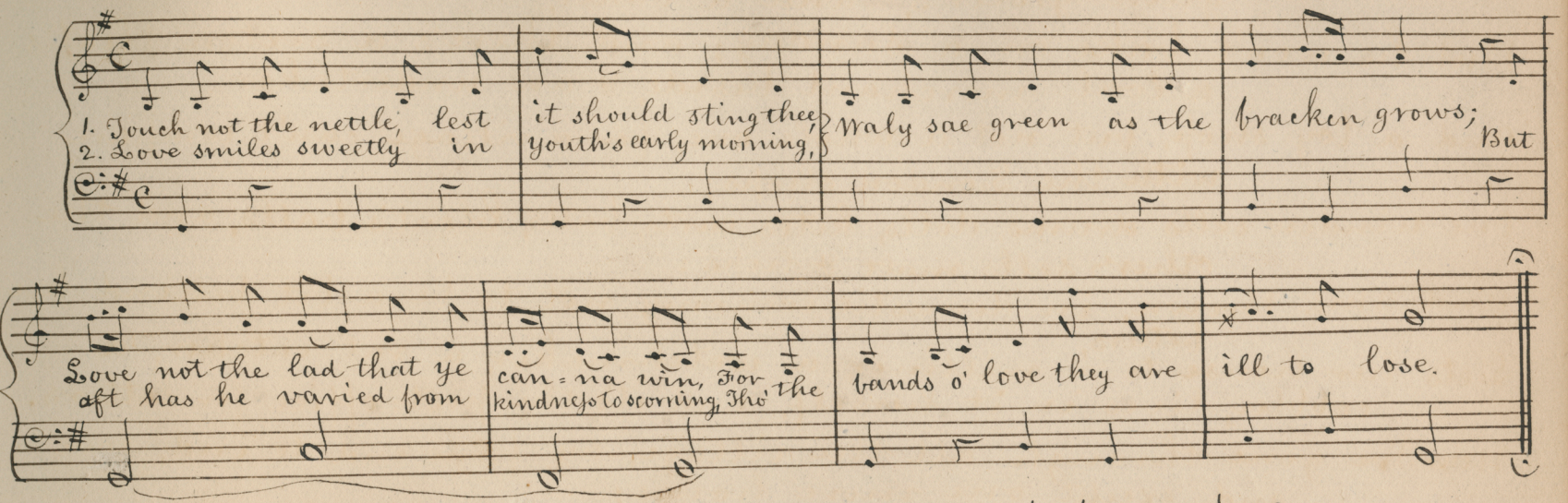
But in the tailor's front garden grow two cabbages, a dock, a ha'p'orth of penny-royal, two dandelions, & a thistle.

There are three small orchards, Mr. Busby's, the school-master's,
is the chief,—
With two pear trees that don't bear, one plum, and an apple,
that every year is stripped by a thief.
There's another small day-school, too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby,
a select establishment for six little boys and one big, and four
little girls and a baby.
There's a Rectory with pointed gables, and strange odd chim-
neys that never smokes,
For the Rector don't live on his living, like other Christ-
tian folks.
There's a barber's, once a week well filled with rough,
black-bearded, shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two
masculine ladies in false curls.

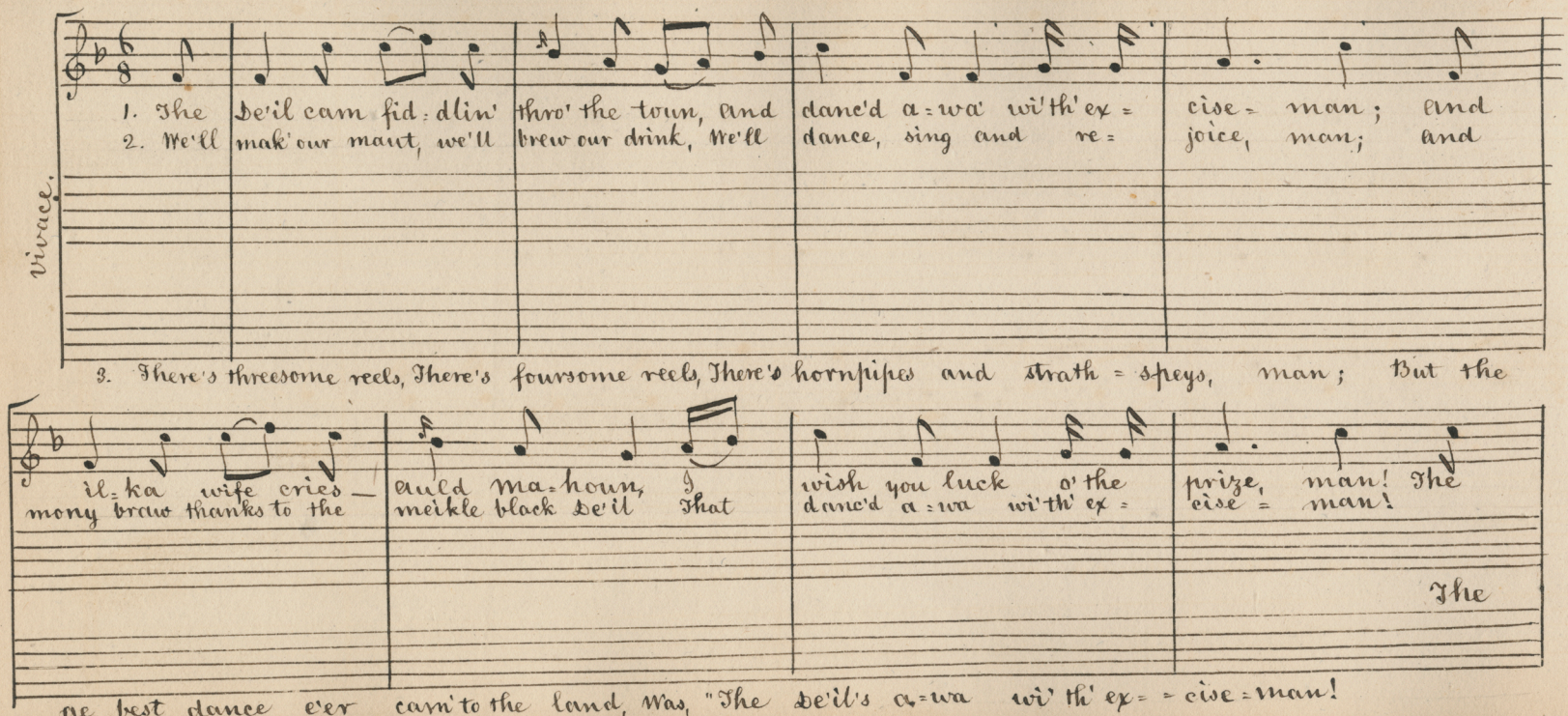
There's a butcher's, & a carpenter's, and a plumber's, & a small green grocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday; and there's a sexton that's a coal merchant beside, & an undertaker.
And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, batts, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt & hops:
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's the post-office for letters.
Now I've gone through all the village,—ay, from end to end, save and except one more house;
But I haven't come to that,—and I hope I never shall,—and that's the village poor-house.

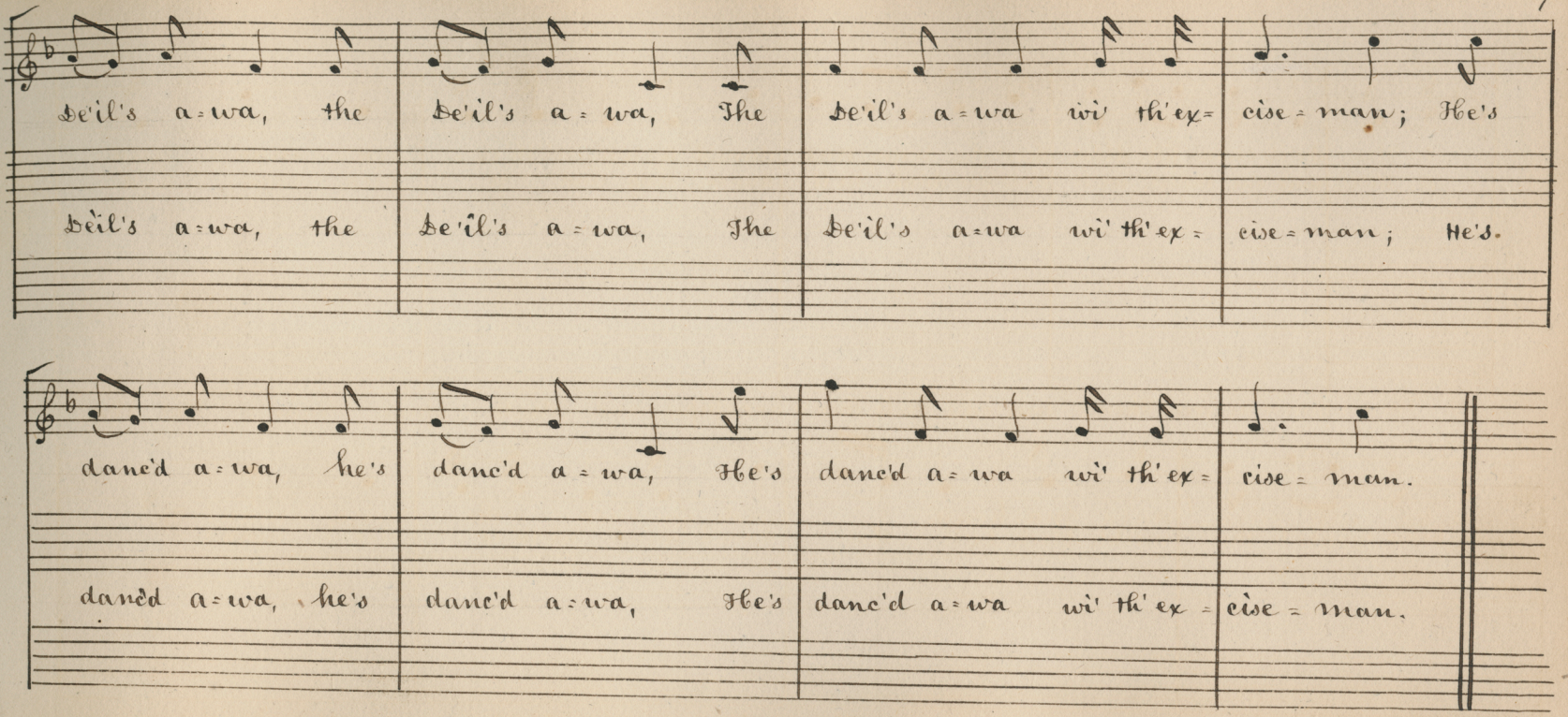
"Touch not the Nettle."

Arranged by John Thomson.



3. See how the green leaves in summer drop round ye,
And sear, sear, in autumn the bracken grows;
Then trust not Love's smiles, and his frowns canna wound ye,
For the bands o' love they are ill to lose.


Vivace.
1. The De'il cam fid-dlin' thro' the toun, And dance'd a-wa' wi' th' ex-cise-man; And
2. We'll mak' our maut, we'll brew our drink, We'll dance, sing and re-joice, man; And
3. There's threesome reels, There's foursome reels, There's hornpipes and strath-speys, man; But the
il-ka wife cries— mony braw thanks to the auld ma-houn, meikle black De'il That wish you luck o' the dance'd a-wa wi' th' ex-cise-man!
The
ae best dance e'er cam to the land, Was, "The De'il's a-wa wi' th' ex--cise-man!


De'il's a-wa, the De'il's a-wa, The De'il's a-wa wi' th' ex- cise-man; He's
De'il's a-wa, the De'il's a-wa, The De'il's a-wa wi' th' ex- cise-man; He's.
dance'd a-wa, he's dance'd a-wa, He's dance'd a-wa wi' th' ex- cise-man.
dance'd a-wa, he's dance'd a-wa, He's dance'd a-wa wi' th' ex- cise-man.